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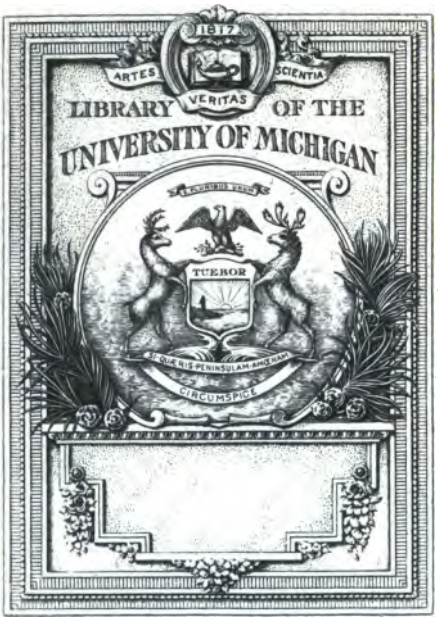
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Horace in London:

CONSISTING OF

IMITATIONS

OF

THE FIRST TWO BOOKS OF

THE ODES OF HORACE.

Smith, James

BY THE AUTHORS OF

REJECTED ADDRESSES,

OR THE

NEW THEATRUM POETARUM.

Third Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW-STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, AND CO., EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE.

THE following Imitations of the Odes of Horace were originally written without any regard to regularity of succession. Many of them made their first appearance in a monthly publication, and the Odes best calculated to illustrate the topic of the day were, from time to time, pressed into the service. They are now classed and drilled afresh: new troops, drafted from the Roman battalion, have raised them to their proper complement, and HORACE IN LONDON is in readiness to take the field.

The reader will not fail to discover one inconvenience to which the desultory mode of warfare adopted by these Iambic marauders, on their first enrollment, subjects them

when serving in their present disciplined array. Events are recorded without any regard to chronological succession. Thus the second O. P. War is deprecated in the ode "*O navis referent*" before the commemoration of the first, in the ode, "*Motum ex Metello consule civicum*," with a few other anachronisms of equal moment. But inasmuch as light poetry and grave history do not often boast the same readers, and as the authors did not undertake to present to the public a poetical Annual Register, it is to be hoped the objection will not be held fatal. In their present inroad on Parnassus, it will be found that they have prudently abstained from its more elevated regions; they entertain the same opinion of the Roman Bard, in his higher flights, that he entertained of the Theban, and if the merit of familiar gaiety be awarded to them, they will have won all that they aspired to gain.

Had the Authors of REJECTED ADDRESSES listened to the voice of Prudence, they would

have sat silent under the laurels they recently purloined from the brows of their betters, rather than have proved by advancing *in propriâ personâ* into the Parnassian lists, how much easier a task it is to ridicule good poetry, than to write it. In thus throwing down the gauntlet, they may doubtless be complimented on their *valour;* but valour is composed of two parts. "The worser half," surnamed fool hardiness, was the property of the lean Knight of La Mancha; "the best part of valour, discretion" was emblazoned on the shield of the huge Knight of Eastcheap, and his cautious quaker-like followers, from that good day to the present, have thriven and grown as fat upon it as himself. Which of the two halves falls to the lot of the Imitators of Horace, is too obvious to require mentioning. The fact seems to be, that the God of Song has instigated the authors of Rejected Addresses to the present publication, as an *amende honorable* for the liberties they lately took with his personal property; *stealing laurel* being an of-

fence as contrary to the poetical statute i
that case made and provided, as it is dero
gatory to the privilege, and against the peac
of our Lord Apollo, his *crown* and dignity.

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HORACE IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

SCENE,—The Ivory Gate on the Confines of the Shades.

Horace. *Author.*

Horace. Friend, I have a favour to ask of you.

Author. If the granting it redound to my advantage, I have too much generosity to refuse compliance: name it.

Horace. I dislike Francis's Translation of my Odes.

Author. I hate Duncombe's.

Horace. And I think Boscawen's might be improved. Will you undertake a new version?

Author. Upon what terms?

Horace. The prospect, if successful, of universal applause. The Reviews will dub you head rhymer of a rhyming age; an engraver may scratch a kit-cat likeness of you to scare the foot passengers in Pall Mall; and you will be tolerably sure of a niche among the Martyrs of Pindus in Poet's Corner. "Exegi Monumentum, &c." What think you of that?

Author. Tempting offers, I confess.

Horace. You agree, then.

Author. No.

Horace. No! Quare non?

Author. For two reasons.

Horace. Name them.

Author. Your demerits and my own.

Horace. My demerits! ha, ha, hah! you and I are the last people whose demerits can gratify the malice of the critics.

Author. Why so?

Horace. Because you have written so little as to be beneath their notice, while I have written so much as to be above their envy. If Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the friend of Augustus, and the favourite of the Muses, may be so bold as to question one whose propensity to fish in troubled

waters ought to condemn him to a large goblet of Sadak s waters of oblivion, may I beg you to elu cidate the expression of—"your demerits and my own."

Author. Certainly; and first of the last, namely, myself——

Horace. I am all attention——proceed.

Author. To translate your Odes with propriety would require almost as much talent as to write them. If, indeed, the blue-coated youth in Guild-hall, who must laugh in his sleeve, notwithstanding the tightness of it, at the thoughts of the revolutions he effects, should dub me lord of twenty thousand pounds, my friends would convince me that I possessed abilities more than equal to the task. At present they give me credit for little money, and of course for little wit.

Horace. They are right: of what use is the one, in your commercial clime, unless it procure the other?

Author. Besides, who in his senses would write what nobody reads? How many farthings do the good folks of London care about Vitellius, and Crassus, and Mæcenas; Lydia, Thaliarchus, and Mount Soracte? Every one of them a mere caput

mortuum, believe me; and as to the groves of the ancients, they have all become hollow trees for pedant owls to roost in.

Horace. Envy, by the Gods! My works have delighted all ages.

Author. Life, says Shakespeare, consists of seven ages; and you are apt to be discarded after the second. I remember you of old, when I was

"Creeping like snail unwillingly to school,"

and in revenge for the many prosodial stripes your confounded "*—Mæcenas atavis edite regibus*" brought upon me, I made a solemn vow to cast you into the Ocean *in usum Delphini*, at my very first trip to Margate. In keeping my oath I lost my Horace, and have washed my hands of you ever since.

Horace. You do me and yourself injustice. Do not jest at the expence of truth. Pray what book is this? "*Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera*," as I live! Oh, flattering eulogium!

Author. Not altogether so flattering, for this naturally leads me to the other head of my discourse: *your* demerits.

Horace. Aye, now you'll be puzzled. "Non ego paucis offendar maculis."

Author. The quotation is from yourself: if you are wise keep it to yourself. Let us open your book, and pitch upon an ode at a venture, as sailors dip for salt pork.

Horace. Sortes Horatianæ! agreed.

Author. What have we here? "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus." Aye, this ode has been much admired by the shoal of learned ignoramuses who can find nothing bad in a man's book when he's dead, and nothing good when he's alive; and yet in my opinion it is little better than downright nonsense.

Horace. Oh monstrous! how, pray?

Author. You set out at your full speed, like a Sunday apprentice on a hack horse, with a prancing moral precept, that a virtuous man needs no other armour than conscious integrity. This is a sentiment of which Addison, Hervey, Hugh Kelly, or Mr. Drake himself need not have been ashamed: and if put into the mouth of a Drury Lane actor, accompanied by a fierce look, a thump on the left breast, and a semi-circular strut, in the long interval between green curtain and foot-lights, would gain the happy votary of Thespis three rounds of applause. Thus far in safety: but halt! your Pega-

sus has come to a turnpike. The next thing is an illustration of this sublime and novel position.

Horace. Very well, Sir, pray go on.

Author. One naturally expects the example to be Cato or Brutus, Wilkes, Burdett, Gale Jones, or some such immacalate Patriot; but how are our expectations gratified? You proceed to say, that while you were singing the praises of Miss Lalage, (a lady, I presume, whose beauty was even greater than her modesty,) you met a wolf, who took to his heels at the sight of you. Pray, most doughty sir, of what was he afraid? Not of your valour, if he had heard of your "Relictâ non bene permulâ." Your moral qualities, putting Madam Lalage out of the question, were not perceptible to the eyes of a wolf, and you admit that your person was unprotected by any weapon.

Horace. Excellent! this would be provoking to any but an Epicure converted to Stoicism. Pray finish your exhortation.

Author. Your conclusion is worthy your precept and illustration; namely, that in whatever part of the globe you may chance to be placed, you will persist in singing the praises of the aforesaid Lalage, although her only merit seems to have been

that of keeping the wolf from the door. A most desirable quality, I admit, in the mistress of a Grub Street poet, but of little use to the well fed favorite of Augustus.

Horace. Ha, ha, hah! You see I bear your ill-natured critique with the most perfect good humour; but zounds! sir, do you mean to assert —?

Author. No—I am only pointing out the inconsistency of your own assertions, particularly when you prove your good humour by a "zounds! sir."

Horace. Well, well, it's natural to forget one's a Stoic, when the least thing happens to provoke one. To let you into a secret, that ode was written at three distinct periods: the first part in a lucid interval of temperance: the second when I was half seas over in a cask of Falernian, and the third when I was solus cum solâ with the Goddess of my Idolatry.

Author. Be it so: we will now do what I have threatened to do half my life—turn over a new leaf.

Horace. Agreed, here's something solemn. "Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens."

Author. In this ode you tell us that you had hitherto been a very wicked fellow, snapping your fingers at Jupiter, and never visiting his temple,

except in a shower of rain; in short, a complete Roman Bunyan; but that you had lately seen your errors, and were enrolled in the regiment of the true Faith. Bravo! Pegasus at full speed again. Now comes the reason of this miraculous conversion. "I was overtaken," you say, "by a terrible storm of thunder and lightening, and Jupiter is so powerful he can do what he pleases." Indeed! a wonderful event, and a wonderful discovery! I cannot help quoting in your teeth the words of your best modern imitator.

> What woeful stuff this madrigal would be
> In some starved hackney sonnetteer—or me;
> But let a lord once own the happy lines,
> How the wit brightens, how the sense refines!
> Before his sacred name flies every fault,
> And each exalted stanza teems with thought.

Horace. Upon my word, sir, I have been accustomed to ———

Author. Less truth and more complaisance. I know it; but as long as I possess eyes of my own, I will not borrow a pair of pedant spectacles from any University in the Universe. Then again you

are always cramming that confounded Falernian down the throats of your readers. Continually hob and nobbing. "Nunc est bibendum—Quo me Bacche rapis?" at every page: and telling us that if we would be favorites of Venus we must sacrifice to Bacchus: a position of which the very porter in Macbeth has sober sense enough to prove the falsity.

Horace. Very pretty, sir, very pretty indeed! but I see your aim, sir. You suspect me to be one of the genus irritabile.

Author. No I don't:—I am certain of it, I have therefore pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of your Satires and Epistles. There you are unrivalled.

Horace. My dear sir, I did not mean to dispute your judgment in *every* thing. You think my Satires and Epistles ———

Author. As much above my present praise, as they are foreign to my present purpose. It is your odes of which we are now treating. A verbal translation of them I will not attempt.

Horace. Then I may take my departure to the Elysian Fields. Son of Maia, order round my barge!

Author. Stop, a thought has struck me. What say you to a work entitled "HORACE IN LONDON," consisting of parodies and imitations of your odes? Converting the Amphitheatre into Drury Lane, Mæcenas into Lord Such a one, the Palatine Mount into Tower Hill, and in short, writing as I suppose you would have written, had you lived in these times, and in the metropolis of Great Britain.

Horace. An excellent thought! It will insure me an increase of readers. A man milliner will enter Hyde Park who would fly from the Campus Martius, and a citizen may be enticed up Highgate Hill, who would turn with disdain from Mount Soracte, because there is no ordinary on Sunday on the top of it.

Author. Such is my plan. As long as you are pointed and witty, I shall feed my Pegasus at the same manger. When you are flat, prosaic, and insipid, (which, under favor, you sometimes are especially at your conclusions, where you ought to be most epigrammatic, witness your "Animumqu reddas"—"immeritamque vestem"—"Mercuriu que &c. &c.") I shall take the liberty of startin from the course, and being as pointed and poetic as I please.

Horace. Rather say as you can.

Author. Good——Agreed. And I moreover give you fair notice, that as I shall have lame metaphors enough of my own to answer for, I will not be accountable for yours.

Horace. Mine! Where will you find them?

Author. Not at the first dip, perhaps, but certainly without any very tedious search,—voyons!—Book I, Ode 27. What have we here?

> Quantâ laboras in *Charybdi!*
> Digne, puer, meliore *flammâ.*

An intermixture of fire and water, which in modern days would create more than one sort of hiss.

Horace. That I confess was an oversight.

Author. I wish all your commentators had done the same; they would have saved themselves and us a world of fatigue; but what commentator would not rather set a thousand modern readers to sleep, than acknowledge one Homeric nod in an ancient writer?

Horace. I will pardon all your impertinence if you will but cease your criticisms, and give a specimen of your performance.

Author. On those conditions you may turn immediately to the next page. Now then thou peerless poet, thou real Roman pearl, not to be adulterated by all the vinegar in critical Christendom, "let's to't like French Falconers," or rather, like English tilters,—London is the scene of our poetical tournament. Be thou the Achilles of the Lists, the Patroclus I; and if perchance I hurl a spear sharp enough to provoke the retort courteous, do thou bestride me, and balancing thy shield of half a ton troy weight over my head, swear that the offence proceeded from the original Latin.

Horace. Which you will publish of course.

Author. Not I indeed.

Horace. Not publish my Latin!

Author. No, I tell you.—Scholars will always possess the means of immediate reference to the original, and the unlearned will not think my page the more lively for being encumbered with a dead language.

Horace. Not publish my Latin!!

Author. No, I repeat, except the first line.

Horace. If that be the case, I have only to utter this parting prophecy. The moment the dark chambers of your brain cease to be enlightened by

the presence of my Roman lamp, good night to all your brilliant hopes; and though I shall march back to Elysium with all the slow dignity of the last of the Romans, trust me, I shall go off much quicker than—the first of your editions.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

BOOK I. ODE I.

To John Bull, Esq.

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus.

Dread Sir! half human, half divine,
Descended from a lengthen'd line
Of heroes famed in story—
Of Ocean undisputed lord;
Of Europe and her recreant horde
The "riddle, jest, and glory."

What various sports attract your sons!
Some to Hyde Park escape from duns,
In curricle or tandem:
In dusty clouds conceal'd from sight,
Like Jove, who from Olympus height,
Hurls thunderbolts at random.

One draws his gold from Lombard Street,
Amongst the Lords to buy a seat,
The Lord knows why or wherefore:
Another, (give him rural sports,)
And crouded cities, splendid courts,
He not a jot will care for.

The merchant, baulk'd by Boreas, vents
His idle anger, and laments
Some luckless speculation:
Of ease, and Clapham Common talks,
But soon on Gresham's murmuring walks
Resumes his daily station.

This makes the jolly God his heme,
In claret drowns Aurora's beam,
And riots with the friskers:
That a dragoon, delights in arms,
And thoughtless of Mamma's alarms,
Sports high-heel'd boots and whiskers.

The hunter quits his bed at five,
The fox or timorous deer to drive
Down precipices horrid,
And carries home, returning late,
A trophy for his amorous mate,
The antlers on his forehead!

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books, and the converse of the fair,
(To see is to adore 'em;)
With these and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
The Circus or the Forum!

If you, great Sir, will deign to vote
For Horace, in his London coat,
Nor check my classic fury;
Huge Magog of the lyric train,
I'll mount to kiss the Muses twain,
Who face the Gods of Drury.

ODE II.

HURLY BURLY!

Jam satis terris nivis, atque diræ.

ENOUGH! the dog has had his day,
The cat has mew'd her hour:
The imprison'd *Gale* has blown away,
Burdett has fled the Tower.
The nation fear'd those scenes of woe,
So fatal thirty years ago,
When dreading neither axe nor rope,
An outward Christian, inward Jew,
Fierce Gordon led th' enthusiast crew
To persecute the Pope.

Oh fatal and disastrous year!
When oyster-vending dames
Made London's train bands disappear,
And wrapt her walls in flames:
The chimney-sweep assail'd the shop,
The 'prentice climb'd the chimney top,
Impunity made cowards bold:
While Plutus in his last retreat,
Stood trembling in *Threadneedle Street*,
And hugg'd his bags of gold.

We too have seen, like Ocean's flood
By howling tempests driven,
The mob assail the troops with mud,
And menace old St. Stephen.
Again they rage, the bird is flown;
Sir Francis, aw'd by *Whitbread's* frown,
To father Thames commits his fate:
In secret the uxorious tide
Safe bears him to the Surry side,
To join his anxious mate.

From street to street Bellona runs,
In dark blue ribbons clad:
To hear the tale, our sober sons
Will think their fathers mad.
What power can awe the impending Gaul,
What psalm avert Britannia's fall,
What sacred tabbies stop the evil?
Has *Southcott*, in her straw built cell,
No talisman, no mutter'd spell,
To drive away the Devil?

Ah no! for still from south to north,
Confusion rules the gale!
Come then, at folly's call roll forth,
Ye tubs to faction's whale.
Come, *Romeo's* car, *Polito's* apes,
Come, *Hawke*, thou peer of many capes,
Pearl-button'd and drab-coated spark!
And thou, the dame of wicked wit,
Round whom the infant hoaxes flit,
Come, mighty *Mistress Clarke*.

And thou, great saint, at humour's call,
Joy of the rabble, come!
Whose praise the Smithfield muses bawl,
With rattle, horn, and drum.
When Saturnalian sports draw near,
Three days in each revolving year,
'Tis thine to lead the frolic hours:
Heed not, dread Sir, thy loss of skin,
Thy jocund revelry and din
Have made us jump from ours.

Come, too, *Mendoza*, foe to ham,
Whose fame no bruise can sully!
Come, wary *Crib*, Bataviau *Sam*,
And last, not least, come *Gully*.
Assuming the dictator's seat,
Late to thy Plough in *Carey Street*,
Return to end thy halcyon days:
Long may'st thou rally, hit, and stop,
And may no envious Newgate-drop
Put out thy glory's blaze.

While amateurs, for fame athirst,
Entwine with ardent vows
The laurel wreath at *Moulsey Hurst*,
Around thy batter'd brows,
If any sheriff dare to wield
His wand to clear th' embattled field,
Stand forth, and down the gauntlet fling;
With frequent fists the intruder check,
Or grasp his chain-encircled neck,
And *fib* him from the ring.

ODE III.

THE BARONET'S YACHT.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri.

Dear Venus, quit Idalia's lawn,
In Cyprian car by turtles drawn,
At Neptune's sea-green footstool fawn,
And make him, *willy nilly*,
Sweet oil upon the waters pour,
And thus the venturous Yacht restore,
That carried off from *Thanet's* shore,
My soul's best half—Sir Billy.

He surely view'd in looking glass,
A nose of copper, cheek of brass,
Who thus in feeble *yacht* could pass
Within the range of cannons:

When hostile squadrons beat the hoof,
And citizens won't keep aloof,
Hat, boot, and stocking water-proof,
I reckon *sine qua nons.*

That hardy mortal knows not fear,
Who ventures out from *Ramsgate Pier,*
And as the Gallic cliffs draw near,
With careless eyes looks at 'em—
But bolder he himself who coops
In his own little bark, nor stoops
To heed the quizzing of the troops,
Led by the EARL OF CHATHAM.

In vain shall Neptune's prudent tide
Old *Kent* from *Picardy* divide,
Sir William's boat in painted pride
Unites the coasts again.
He undulates on Ocean's swell,
Like her who rules Idalia's dell,
Drawn by a *turtle* in a *shell**
Triumphant o'er the main.

* This marine delicacy was said to be suspended to the prow of the Yacht.

What wonders all the papers fill!
With rockets now the foe we kill,
We burrow under *Highgate Hill*,
Each day outdoes the other:
See through *Pall Mall* each lovely lass
By night illuminated pass,
While WINSOR lights, with flame of gas,
Home to *King's Place*—his *mother*.

In *parachute*, by way of change,
With *Garnerin* in air we range,
Surpassing all the wonders strange
That e'er *Munchausen* told us.
Great Jupiter, for mercy's sake,
Me to a cooler planet take,
For at this rate we soon shall make
The world too hot to hold us!

ODE IV.

BRIGHTON.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris.

Now fruitful autumn lifts his sunburnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric muslins whiten,
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for *Brighton*.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons;
Nankeen of late were worn the sultry weather in;
But now, (so will the Prince's light dragoons,)
White jean have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles and ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton;
This, for our breakfast proffers shrimps and prawns,
That, for our dinner, South-down lamb and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*,
And for a bribe with equal scorn disdains
My half a crown, and *Baring's* half a million.

Alas! how short the span of human pride!
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes, are undone;
Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu!
Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten;
Billiards, begone! avaunt, illegal loo!
Farewell old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton.

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering places!
Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.

ODE V.

THE JILT.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ.

Say, Lucy, what enamour'd spark
Now sports thee through the gazing Park
In new barouche or tandem;
And, as infatuation leads,
Permits his reason and his steeds
To run their course at random?

Fond youth, those braids of ebon hair,
Which to a face already fair
Impart a lustre fairer;
Those locks which now invite to love,
Soon unconfin'd and false shall prove,
And changeful as the wearer.

Unpractised in a woman's guile,
Thou think'st, perchance, her halcyon smile
Portends unruffled quiet:
That, ever charming, fond and mild,
No wanton thrughts, no passions wild,
Within her soul can riot.

Alas! how often shalt thou mourn,
(If nymphs like her, so soon forsworn,
Be worth a moment's trouble,)
How quickly own, with sad surprise,
The paradise that bless'd thine eyes
Was painted on a bubble.

In her accommodating creed
A lord will always supersede
A commoner's embraces:
His lordship's love contents the fair,
Until enabled to ensnare
A nobler prize—his Grace'!

Unhappy are the youths who gaze,
Who feel her beauty's maddening blaze,
And trust to what she utters!
For me, by sad experience wise,
At rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,
My heart no longer flutters.

Chamber'd in Albany, I view
On every side a jovial crew
Of Benedictine neighbours.
I sip my coffee, read the news,
I owe no mistress but the muse,
And she repays my labours.

And should some brat her love bespeak,
(Though illegitimate and weak
As these unpolish'd verses;)
A father's joys shall still be mine,
Without the fear of parish fine,
Bills, beadles, quacks, or nurses.

ODE VI.

WALTER SCOTT.

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium.

O Chivalry, thy gallant reign,
In prancing epic-ballad strain,
Let Walter Scott indite;
Chaunting the deeds inspired by thee,
When red-cross knights arm'd cap-a-pee,
Rode at the ring full gallantly,
Or triumph'd in the fight.

For me, I strive not, by my fay,
To imitate the *Minstrel's Lay*,
Tracing the *Palmer* on his way,
Through Scottish bourn and brake:
Unform'd for hero's deeds, I shun
The strain of lordly *Marmion*,
Or *Lady of the Lake*.

My modest muse, unskill'd in flights
Of Caledonia's border knights,
In peaceful unpresuming verse
Forbears their glories to rehearse.
Who can describe with honours due
Of northern clans the endless crew,
Creating endless war?
Unnumber'd *Macs*, of accent rude,
The *Gordon*, *Home*, and *Huntley* brood,
Græmes, *Fosters*, *Fenwicks*, who pursued
The amorous *Lochinvar?*

Whether or not I feel love's pain,
I love the light accustom'd strain.
I sing no feast in *hall* so gay,
Save that upon my *Lord Mayor's Day;*
Record no arrow's fatal flight,
Save Cupid's, feather'd with delight,
And shoot alone my bloodless darts,
From beauty's eyes to lover's hearts.

ODE VII.

THE OUSTED TREASURER.

To Harry —— Esq.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon.

Some talk of Betterton and Booth,
And some above all praise, forsooth,
Extol their idol Garrick;
Others will other names rehearse,
And celebrate their praise in verse,
Familiar or Pindaric.

With me not Barrymore's small note,
Nor Betty's gently whispering throat,
Nor Righi's manly quaver,
Nor Munden's freedom from grimace,
Nor Dignum's bold expressive face,
Are half so much in favour,

As jovial Cooke, whose thirsty soul
Quaffs inspiration from the bowl
Whene'er his spirits falter:
His grief and joy, his love and ire,
Are born of Bacchus, and their fire
Is stolen from his altar.

So, Harry, whether doom'd to roam
In banner'd camps, or lounge at home
In Twickenham's shady bowers,
Drink, and corroding cares resign,
Drink, and illume with sparkling wine
Life's dark and stormy hours.

From Somerset's beloved house,
Where happy treasurers carouse,
When Bardolph was ejected,
His nose with purple blossoms crown'd,
'Tis said he call'd his friends around,
And thus their grief corrected.

Oh, ousted elves! companions boon!
May Fortune's wheel revolving soon,
Prove kinder than our master:
Let us but stick together still,
With Sherry's luck and Sherry's skill,
We yet may brave disaster.

For know, my friends, the Prince has sworn,
Although these sinecures be torn
Away from our pretensions,
That in some dear uncertain hour,
A future Somerset shall shower
On us its posts and pensions.

Ye whose stout hearts would ne'er submit
To all the eloquence of Pitt,
Fired with the love of places,
Drink deep, and banish care and woe,
To-morrow we are doom'd to know
Short commons and long faces.

ODE VIII.

To HUNTINGTON, the Preacher.

Lydia dic per omnes.

By those locks so lank and sable,
Which adown thy shoulders hang,
By thy phiz right lamentable,
And thy humming nasal twang;

Huntington, thou queer fanatic,
Tell me why thy love and grace,
Thus invade my servant's attic,
To unfit him for his place.

For the new light ever pining,
Thomas groans, and hums and ha's;
But alas! the light is shining,
Only through his lanthorn jaws.

May-pole pranks and fiddle scrapers
In his eye sight change their hue;
Lowering Athanasian vapours,
Cloud his brain with devils blue.

From his fellows far asunder,
Tom enjoys his morning stave:
Works are but a heathen blunder;
Faith alone has power to save.

From young Hal the tavern waiter,
Oft the boxing prize he'd carry;
Now the pious gladiator
Wrestles only with Old Harry.

Potent once at quoits and cricket,
Head erect and heart elate,
Now, alas! he heeds no wicket
Save John Bunyan's wicket gate.

As some clown in listing season,
Blinds himself to shun the ranks;
Tom, because he blinds his reason,
Thinks to play his pious pranks.

But, if such his holy rage is,
Let it be its own reward;
I'll no longer pay his wages;
Me he serves not, but the Lord.

ODE IX.

WINTER.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum.

See Richmond is clad in a mantle of snow;
The woods that o'ershadow'd the hill,
Now bend with their load, while the river below,
In musical murmurs forgetting to flow,
Stands mournfully frozen and still.

Who cares for the winter! *my* sun-beams shall shine
Serene from a register stove;
With two or three jolly companions to dine,
And two or three bottles of generous wine,
The rest I relinquish to Jove.

The oak bows its head in the hurricane's swell,
Condemn'd in its glory to fall:
The marigold dies unperceiv'd in the dell,
Unable alike to retard or impel,
The crisis assign'd to us all.

Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears;
To-day is the prize we have won:
Ere surly old age in its wrinkles appears,
With laughter and love, in your juvenile years
Make sure of the days as they run.

The park and the playhouse *my* presence shall greet,
The opera yield its delight;
Catalani may charm me, but ten times more sweet,
The musical voice of *Laurette* when we meet
In *tête-à-tête* concert at night.

False looks of denial in vain would she fling,
In vain to some corner be gone;
And if in our kisses I snatch off her ring,
It is, to my fancy, a much better thing
Than a kiss after putting one on!

ODE X.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS to GRIMALDI THE CLOWN.

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis.

FACETIOUS mime! thou enemy of gloom,
Grandson of Momus, blithe and debonnair,
Who, aping Pan, with an inverted broom,
Can'st brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

Our gallery Gods immortalize thy song;
Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure;
Thou bid'st a jew's harp charm a Christian throng,
A Gothic salt-box teem with attic treasure.

When harlequin, entangled in thy clue,
By magic seeks to dissipate the strife,
Thy furtive fingers snatch his faulchion too;
The luckless wizzard loses wand and wife.

The fabled egg from thee obtains its gold;
Thou sett'st the mind from critic bondage loose,
Where male and female cacklers, young and old,
Birds of a feather, hail the sacred Goose.

Even pious souls, from *Bunyan's* durance free,
At Sadlers Wells applaud thy agile wit,
Forget old Care while they remember thee,
"*Laugh the heart's laugh*," and haunt the jovial pit.

Long may'st thou guard the prize thy humour won,
Long hold thy court in pantomimic state,
And to the equipoise of English fun,
Exalt the lowly, and bring down the great.

ODE XI.

FORTUNE TELLING.

To Laura.

Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi.

Dear girl, from cabalistic lore,
Seek not your fortunes to explore,
Or find your destin'd lover:
Nor horoscopes, nor starry skies,
Nor flattering gypsey prophecies,
Can e'er your fate discover.

To Fortune's dreaded power resign'd,
Endure with philosophic mind,
Her favour or her malice:
Regardless of your future doom,
Of present life enjoy the bloom,
And quaff from Pleasure's chalice.

To-day the sunny hours dance by,
Dispensing roses as they fly:
O snatch them! for to-morrow,
Assail'd by tempests, drooping, dead,
Perchance their flowers may only shed,
The dewy tears of sorrow.

Time flies—Death threatens to destroy—
The wise condense life's scatter'd joy
Within a narrow measure:
Then, Laura, bring the sparkling bowl,
And let us yield the raptur'd soul,
To laughter, love, and pleasure.

ODE XII.

To Emanuel Swedenborg.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ vel acri.

WHAT mortal or immortal wight,
Man, dæmon, demigod, or sprite,
My harp, shall break thy slumbers?
Whom Echo o'er Bœotia's hill,
And Aganippe's shady rill,
Shall chaunt in sportive numbers?

Mine be the strain that Orpheus pour'd,
When Hell's grim monarch he implor'd
Euridice to render:
And listening Pluto spar'd his life,
But *nearly* gave him back his wife,
To punish the offender.

If songs could bid the dead arise,
Whom should I sooner eulogize,
Than SWEDENBORG the pious?
To whom the mystic world was shown,
Of spirits that to us unknown,
Are ever skipping nigh us.

None can surpass this ghostly seer,
Who smoak'd his pipe, or quaff'd his beer
Above with his protectors;
None equal, second none to him,
Who pour'd upon our optics dim
A cataract of spectres.

Next LEWIS, Terror's child, shall come,
With Mother Bunch's *Fee-fa-fum!*
In goblin tales to revel—
The maid who dragg'd the *Monk* to hell,
The bleeding Nun that ran pell-mell
With *Raymond* to the devil.

Successive now my subject boasts,
The noted *Hammersmith* twin ghosts,
Who rivall'd one another;
One born to frighten rustics—one
To perish by a rustic's gun,
Who took him for his brother*.

Soon as he fell, the tumult o'er,
The gloom was clear'd, their fears no more,
The gossip tales were ended;
And he that frighten'd all around,
(So will'd the Fates) upon the ground
Innocuous lay extended.

* A Hammersmith wag some time ago dressed himself as a ghost, and was very successful in frightening the watchmen, and other old women, until he was obliged to realize his own disguise in a very unexpected manner. A wiseacre in the neighbourhood, forgetting that if it were a real ghost he would be only throwing away his powder, if a sham one his life, was infatuated enough to fire at and kill the unfortunate spectre, for which he was capitally indicted, and we believe condemned to death, but afterwards pardoned.

Who shall the mighty theme prolong?
O Clio, patroness of song,
Say, what successor fit is?
Whether GILES SCROGGINS next should come?
MISS BAILEY, or old GAFFER THUMB,
Who sang their own sad ditties.

To louder Pæans swell the chord,
Worthy the BIRD-BEHOLDING LORD,
So prodigal of fable;
Who told us of the hunter sprite,
That flogg'd itself the live-long night,
Then gallopp'd from the stable*.

An uncomb'd girl surpass'd the peer,
Who, child of poverty severe,
In garret dark resided;
She gave to life the COCK LANE GHOST,
A nation's eyes and ears engross'd,
And JOHNSON's skill derided.

* See the Letters *attributed* to Lord Lyttleton.

Old Scratch (if parsons tell us true,)
With her found board and lodging too,
And help'd her pranks to hide well;
'Till magistrates and bishops drove
This modern *Joan* to shine above
The minor cheats of Bridewell.

O SWEDENBORG, the guardian friend
Of ghostly wights, our prayers attend,
And prosper COLTON's glory* :
Exalted let his genius shine,
Second, great seer, alone to thine
In spiritual story.

* Our readers cannot have altogether forgotten the Sampford ghost, whose spirituality the Rev. Mr. Colton offered to prove by a wager, having previously received the depositions of Messrs. Chave, Dodge, Moon, and Miss Sally, who were sworn upon a Greek Testament. The Taunton Courier commented with a good deal of sarcastic pleasantry upon the evidence adduced; but the unearthly visitor was not to be exorcised by newspaper criticisms, and redoubled his formidable thumpings and bumpings. His comical freaks have lately produced very tragical consequences; the Exeter

Whether the *Sampford Ghost* to seek,
He bids the rustics swear in Greek,
Chave's servant, wife, and TALLEY;
Or whether in the dead of night,
The doors and windows fasten'd tight,
He goes to *dodge* with *Sally*.

jailor, a man remarkable for strength and courage, volunteered to discover the juggle, and to pass a night in the haunted chamber. Armed with a sword and bible, and illuminated by two large mould candles, (three to the pound,) he took his station, when at the "very witching time of night," the sword was violently wrenched from his hand, and the spectre served out to him a specimen of Molyneux's right and left hits that would not have disgraced the sable hero himself. All this while the assailant was invisible, and "the steel'd jailor, seldom the friend of man," was still less the friend of goblins; he was carried home in a sort of stupor, and expired a few days after.—Upon another occasion, when the knockings under the floor were very loud and lively, an incredulous rustic took up one of the boards, and stood between the rafters, when the sounds instantly ceased; "O, ho!" quoth he, "have I found you out? I always said it was a lame story."—But his triumph was short; he was saluted with such a thump on the sole of the foot, that he had a lame story of his own to carry home to his family, and the

E'en Mr. Moon no light could shed,
To tell who 'twas that shook the bed,
And carried such a farce on,—
A ghost no doubt it was, for no man
Would thump and kick a silly woman,
To fright a sillier parson.

knockings increased, as if resolved to eclipse the noise of Don Quixote's fulling mills. It is not long since an honest neighbour called on Mr. C. to laugh at his credulity, and reason him, if possible, out of what he called his nervous delusions, when lo! in the midst of their conversation a heavy step was heard descending the stairs; "That is the ghost's step," said Mr. C. drawing his chair close to his visitor. Thump! thump! thump! The door opens, footsteps are heard loud as of the ghost in Don Juan, though nought is visible; they seem to pass between the chairs, though touching each other; the sceptic and his friend are unmolested, but the object of this unwelcome visit is soon manifested. Sally, or Molly, was at the side-board; they hear blows and screams, and hen wthey had courage to approach the poor girl they found she had been piteously belaboured about the shoulders, after which usual exercise of his spleen, perhaps to create an appetite, the hobgoblin "started like a guilty thing," and fled.

O Swedenborg, thy fame is lost,
COLTON has verified his ghost,
By wagering a guinea:
In vengeance thou thy wig shalt shake,
And make the Taunton Courier quake
For proving him a ninny.

The female sex engrosses the chief share of his pugilistic devoirs, for which he has satisfactorily accounted in replying to questions solemnly put to him both in Greek and Hebrew, (which he has at his finger's ends) by divulging that he was murdered by his sister, and will continue to persecute the sex until the offender is brought to condign punishment. Men he never molests, unless in self defence, and upon an invasion of his territory. Man-traps have been set in the room for the purpose of catching his ghostly leg, and rat-traps have been lavishly distributed over the bed, in the hope of snapping his spiritual fingers; but he snaps his fingers at his enemies, and understands trap too well to be caught by any human contrivance hitherto discovered. When rat-traps fail, exorcising can hardly be expected to succeed, and he likes his present quarters too well to wish to be billeted upon the Red Sea.

Thus stands the case at present; the ghost has baffled every attempt at an ejectment, and will probably continue to

frighten the men and belabour the women till he wear out his knuckles. Mr. Colton has recently been to London, to require the aid of the ecclesiastical police, and has offered to frank down to Sampford any adventurer who will enter the lists with this airy bruiser, and fib him out of the ring. But this is idle; if fibbing would do he would have vanished long since.

ODE XIII.

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi.

When those eyes, in azure splendour,
Sparkle at a rival's fame;
When those lips, in accents tender,
Breathe a hated rival's name;

Roused to scorn, or sunk in sadness,
Passion rules without controul,
Gloomy rage and jealous madness,
Gnaw my heart and fire my soul.

Tears that fall in copious showers,
Inward fires too plainly speak;
Reason mourns her faded powers,
Blushes tinge my conscious cheek.

When in dreams thy beauty's brightness
Seems to aid my rival's bliss,
And his lip thy bosom's whiteness
Seems to sully with a kiss;

"Hold," I cry in passion's fever,
"Flames like his are born of wine;
"Spurn the insolent deceiver,
"Crush his hopes, and nourish mine.

"Loosely he thy soul despises,
"Aiming but thy charms to win;
"He the glittering casket prizes,
"I adore the gem within."

Lawless love's a wand'ring vapour,
Meteor of a heated brain;
Happy they who Cupid's taper
Light at sacred Hymen's fane.

Ever joyous, never sated,
As through life their course they steer,
Heavenly bliss is antedated—
Mutual love can find it here.

ODE XIV.

To Mr. KEMBLE.

Exhorting him to give up the tier of Private Boxes.

O navis, referent in mare te novi.

O KEMBLE, again you are tost on the seas;
For mercy's sake what are you doing?
Return into harbour, assuage the O. P's,
This tempest may end in your ruin.

Your seams are uncaulk'd, and your mainmast is split,
Your sailors are all in commotion;
The storm of last winter still howls in the pit,
And vexes the bosom of ocean.

'Tis all to no purpose *the gods* to assail,
They will not afford you a cable;
Dame Fashion, who tempted you out in the gale,
May tow you to land if she's able.

Melpomene launch'd you a gallant first rate,
She seems at your danger to shudder;
Then give up your gingerbread *cabin* of *state*,
And prudently look to your rudder.

'Tis matter of lasting importance to me,
Again in smooth water to find you;
For certain I am, if you founder at sea,
You'll not leave your equal behind you.

ODE XV.

THE PARTHENON.

On the Dilapidation of the temple of Minerva at Athens.

Pastor quum traheret per freta navibus.

As Elgin o'er the violated wave,
Spoil'd Parthenon, thy marble glories bore,
While modern Greeks, alas! too weak to save,
With silent tears his sacrilege deplore,
Waked from the dust the demigods of yore,
With kings and chiefs their spectred forms uprear,
Start from their sepulchres to throng the shore,
And as they view the ravager's career,
Point to the bounding bark, and poise the shadowy spear.

On speeds the vessel with her guilty prize,
Till sudden calms arrest her stately sweep;
Hush'd is the expanse of ocean, earth and skies,
And a new Firmament appears to sleep
In the smooth mirror of the azure deep.
When lo! the wave with sudden splendour glows,
And while the crew a breathless silence keep,
Pallas, upstarting from her long repose,
Frowns on the startled Scot, and prophesies his woes.

"Ruthless destroyer! luckless was the hour
When Athens' Sculptures at thy feet were hurl'd;
Trophies revered, which hitherto had power
To win the homage of an awe-struck world!
Goth, Vandal, Moslem, had their flags unfurl'd
Around my still unviolated Fane,
Two thousand summers had with dews impearl'd
Its marble heights nor left a mouldering stain;
'Twas thine to ruin all that all had spared in vain.

"The Grecian Deities already rush
To smite th' insulter of their native seat;
Venus for ever bars the modest blush,
Love's chaste alarms and its endearments sweet.
Mars shall deny the hero's patriot heat,
Nor can thy ravish'd trophies yield relief;
The household Gods shall frown on thy retreat,
And when thou seek'st to drown reflection's grief,
Bacchus shall interdict oblivion's respite brief.

"Lo! Ocean's King engulphs thy victim bark*,
Snatching the relics of his earthly reign
To deck his coral palaces, and hark!
The sea-nymphs sound their shells as they regain
The shipwreck'd trophies of their monarch's fane.
So shouldst *thou* perish with thy guilty freight,
But that thy life shall be thy greatest bane,
And Athens' Gods, by thy forewarning fate,
Shall stay th' unhallow'd hand uprear'd to violate.

* One of Lord Elgin's vessels was wrecked in the Archipelago.

"All who behold my mutilated pile
Shall brand its ravager with classic rage,
And soon a titled bard from Britain's Isle,
Thy country's praise and suffrage shall engage,
And fire with Athens' wrongs an angry age*.
Poets unborn shall sing thy impious fame,
And Time, from history's eternal page
Expunging Alaric's and Omar's name,
Shall give to thine alone preeminence of shame."

* See Lord Byron's Childe Harold.

ODE XVI.

The EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

O Matre pulcrâ filia pulchrior.

O RIGOROUS sons of a clime more severe,
If Horace in London offend,
Unbought let him perish, unread disappear,
But ah! do not hasten his end.

Not whisker'd Geramb who veracity braves,
In boasting of princely delights,
Not ROWLAND, when thumping the cushion he raves,
Of Beelzebub's capering sprites,

Are mad as the martyr inviting the whips
Of Poesy's merciless reign,
Who like Mrs. Brownrigg her 'prentices strips,
Then kills them with famine and pain.

'Tis said, when the box of Pandora flew ope,
A treasure was found underneath:
It seem'd to the vulgar a figure of Hope,
To poets a laureat wreath.

'Twas this ignis fatuus tempting to roam,
That lighted poor BURNS to his fate;
That bade him abandon his plough and his home,
To starve amid cities and state.

Me, too, has the lyrical fallacy fir'd
To soar upon Horace's wing,
But to fall in the deep, like the boy who aspir'd
With Dædalus upwards to spring.

Repentant, henceforth, I will write like a dunce
In prose all the rest of my life,
If you, dread dissectors, will spare me this once
The smart of your critical knife.

ODE XVII.

THE WELCH COTTAGE.

To Laura.

Velox amænum sæpe Lucretilem.

The wood-nymphs crown'd with vernal flow'rs,
Who roam through Tempe's classic bow'rs
And sport in gambols antic;
If e'er they quit their native vales,
May find around my cot in Wales
A region more romantic.

Green pastures girt with pendant rock,
Along whose steep my snowy flock
Adventurously wanders;
Impending shrubs and flowers that gleam,
Reflected in the chrystal stream,
Which through the scene meanders;

In sylvan beauty charm the eyes,
While no ungracious sounds arise
Of misery or anger;
The song of birds, the insect's hum,
Are never broken by the drum,
Or trumpet's brazen clangor.

If sleeping echo starts to mark
The matin carols of the lark,
Or sounds of early labour;
Again she seeks her calm retreat,
Till evening calls her to repeat
The shepherd's pipe and tabor.

Whene'er I woo the muse serene,
Her magic smile illumes the scene,
And brighter tints discloses.
But e'en the muse's chaplet fades,
Unless the hand of Cupid braids
Her myrtle with his roses.

Haste then, my Laura, to my bower,
And let us give the fleeting hour
To plenty, love, and pleasure:

Where wanton boughs an arbour wreathe
I to thy melting harp will breathe
My amatory measure.

Let not the town your soul enthral,
The crouded rout and midnight ball,
Those penalties of fashion:
If nature still have power to please,
Oh! hither fly to health and ease,
And crown a poet's passion.

No jealous fears shall curb your mind,
Here shall no spirit be confin'd
By prejudiced opinion.
My Laura here a Queen shall be,
From all control and bondage free,
Save Cupid's soft dominion.

ODE XVIII.

MERRY AND WISE.

To Lord Wellington.

Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem.

O LET not your tumbrils in Portugal's vallies
Empurple the dust with the blood of the vine,
But spare it that we in convivial sallies,
May bumper your prowess in goblets of wine.

Embolden'd by Bacchus we vault o'er the rav'lin,
Or snatch, rosy Venus, thy Paphian prize,
Now led by the gleam of the Gaul's flashing jav'lin,
And now by the blaze of voluptuous eyes.

But though the god's banner unfurling its flushes,
With crimson suffuses his votaries' cheeks,
O let us not tinge them with penitent blushes,
By arrogant insults or perilous freaks.

Invited by Theseus in good humour'd clatter,
The Centaurs assembled, half man and half beast;
How quickly the former was lost in the latter,
When lewd inebriety darken'd the feast!

Reflect that the laws of punctilio are cruel,
And oft to the flash of ungovern'd excess,
Succeeds the chill awe of the death-dealing duel,
The flash of the pistol—the pang of distress!

No, care-killing god, though I revel in gladness,
And brim the gay goblet with sparkling champagne,
I'll not stain your altar with victims of madness,
Nor sacrifice reason to lengthen your reign.

ODE XIX.

PLEASING PETULANCE.

Mater sæva Cupidinum.

Dame Venus, who lives but to vex,
And Bacchus, the dealer in wine,
Unite with the love of the sex,
To harass this poor head of mine.
Sweet Ellen's the cause of my woe—
'Tis madness her charms to behold;
Her bosom's as white as the snow,
And the heart it enshrines is as cold.

Her petulant frowns have more grace
Than others to smiles can impart;
The roses that bloom in her face
Have planted their thorns in my heart.

Fair Venus, who sprang from the sea,
Despising the haunts of renown,
Leaves Brighton, to frolic with me,
And spend the whole winter in town.

I sang of the heroes of Spain,
Who fight in the Parthian mode;
The goddess grew sick at my strain,
And handed to Vulcan my ode:
" Forbear," she exclaim'd, " silly elf,
" With haughty Bellona to rove,
" Leave Spain to take care of herself—
" Thy song is of Ellen and love."

Come, Love, bring the graces along,
That Ellen may melt at my woes;
Let fluent Rousseau gild my tongue,
And Chesterfield turn out my toes.
Ah no! I must wield other arms,
Sweet Ellen, to reign in thy heart;
When Love owes to Nature his charms,
How vain are the lessons of art!

ODE XX.

THE BARD'S BANQUET.

To George Colman the Younger.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum.

Accept, comic mortal, this poor Imitation;
Its birth was propitious, tho' humble its claim;
'Twas penn'd when the theatre's loud acclamation
Established for ever your title to fame.

When London re-echoes the praises of Colman,
Shall I by my harp in despondency sit?
No—— Horace in London shall not be the sole man
Withholding his tribute from genius and wit.

Then come to my banquet; 'tis lowly, I know it,
And no pungent relish the appetite lures:
For what can a dull inexperienced poet
Produce that will tickle a palate like yours?

But as to my guests, they shall feast upon treasures
Sufficient to charm the most epicure elf;
My long bill of fare is a budget of pleasures,
Comprised in one exquisite item—yourself.

ODE XXII.

THE BAILIFF.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.

The pauper poet, pure in zeal,
Who aims the Muse's crown to steal,
Need steal no crown of baser sort,
To buy a goose or pay for port.
He needs not Fortune's poison'd source,
Nor guard the House of Commons yields,
Whether by Newgate lie his course,
The Fleet, King's Bench, or Cold Bath Fields.
For I, whom late, *impransus*, walking,
The Muse beyond the verge had led,
Beheld a huge bumbailiff stalking,
Who star'd, but touch'd me not, and fled!
A bailiff, black and big like him,
So scowling, desperate, and grim,

No lock-up house, the gloomy den
Of all the tribe shall breed again.
Place me beyond the verge afar,
Where alleys blind the light debar,
Or bid me fascinated lie
Beneath the creeping catchpole's eye;
Place me where spunging houses round
Attest that bail is never found;
Where poets starve who write for bread,
And writs are more than poems read;
Still will I quaff the Muse's spring,
In reason's spite a rhyming sinner,
I'll sometimes for a supper sing,
And sometimes whistle for a dinner.

ODE XXIII.

CUPID'S INVITATION.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.

As the poet doom'd to linger,
Phillips, in thy shop's retreat,
Cash for copyright to finger,
Eyes with dread the neighbouring Fleet,

Turns with idle terror pale, if
Busy crouds his speed molest,
Thinks each passenger a *bailiff*,
Every jostle an *arrest*;

Thus, dear Chloe, thus you fly me;
Prithee bid these fears adieu:—
How ungenerous to deny me
What I ne'er denied to you.

I'm no ruthless *Blue Beard*, daily
Killing wives, again to wed;
I'm no giant Mrs. Bayley*,
Grinding bones to make my bread.

Cupid proffers now love-letters,
Cull the roses of his spring,
And of age for Hymen's fetters,
Quit your mother's apron-string.

* A personage well known to all *strait-laced* ladies of Fashion.

ODE XXIV.

HORNE TOOKE's EPITAPH.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.

WHAT strain shall soothe thy shade, departed Tooke?
What topic glad Reform's heart-broken throng?
Muse of dead Hammond, muse of dead Sir Brook,
Pour the full tide of elegiac song.

Beneath a garden's mould (O spot uncouth!)
Death in perpetual slumber rocks the sage,
Saviour of syntax, speaker of home truth,
Pride, shame, and martyr of a thankless age.

Gale Jones and Jones Burdett deplor'd his fall,
But thine, dear knight, is sorrow's heaviest shower;
Who now shall tinge thy scatter'd ink with gall?
Who prompt thy studies in a second Tower?

Of Phœbus' son thou ne'er hast learn'd the tricks,
Whose potent drug the dead from death retrieves;
Thy seer, close guarded on the shores of Styx,
Swells the black cattle of the God of Thieves.

'Tis hard—but watching for the human soul,
Troops of blue devils hover o'er the globe;
Trick them, and quaff from resignation's bowl
What Job's kind hearted friends prescrib'd to Job.

ODE XXV.

MY GODWIN!

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.

Our Temple youth, a lawless train,
Blockading Johnson's window pane,
No longer laud thy solemn strain,
My Godwin!
Chaucer's a mighty tedious elf,
Fleetwood lives only for himself,
And Caleb Williams loves the shelf,
My Godwin!

No longer cry the sprites unblest,
"Awake! arise! stand forth confess'd!"
For fallen, fallen is thy crest,
My Godwin!

Thy muse for meretricious feats,
Does quarto penance now in sheets,
Or cloathing parcels roams the streets,
My Godwin!

Thy flame at Luna's lamp thou light'st,
Blank is the verse that thou indit'st,
Thy play is damn'd, yet still thou writ'st,
My Godwin!
And still to wield the grey goose quill,
When Phœbus sinks, to feel no chill,
"With me is to be lovely still,"
My Godwin!

Thy winged steed (a bit of blood)
Bore thee like Trunnion through the flood,
To leave thee sprawling in the mud,
My Godwin!
But carries now, with martial trot,
In glittering armour, Walter Scott,
A poet he—which thou art not,
My Godwin!

Nay, nay, forbear these jealous wails,
Tho' he's upborne on fashion's gales,
Thy heavy bark attendant sails,
My Godwin!
Fate each by different streams conveys,
His skiff in Aganippe plays,
And thine in Lethe's whirlpool strays,
My Godwin!

ODE XXVI.

The STRAW BONNET.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus.

Beloved by the Nine, I leave care till to-morrow,
And cull pleasure's roses while yet in their bloom;
The winds that blow round me shall dissipate sorrow,
And drive the blue devils to Pharoah's red tomb.

Thy Emperor, Gaul, may astonish the nations,
While Neptune forbids him to Britain to roam,
He's free to sow discord in German plantations,
Then marry, the better to reap it at home.

Ye Muses, who bathe in clear fountains, and dwell in
The regions of rhyme with Apollo above,
Oh! aid me to sing of my favourite Ellen,
And warble in chorus the accents of love.

Come, weave me a chaplet to deck her straw bonnet,
Tho' small the applause that your labour secures;
For sure, if there's faith in my sight or my sonnet,
Her roses and lilies are brighter than your's.

ODE XXVII.

THE BUMPER TOAST.

Natis in usum lætiti scyphis.

Away with dull politics! prythee let's talk
Of something to set all the club in a titter
The aim of convivial meetings we baulk,
When thus we our sweetest enjoyments embitter.

Fill, fill up a bumper, be merry and wise,
And check these dissentions before they too far get;
Say, Colonel, what pretty girl's arrowy eyes
Have chosen your heart for their amorous target?

Refuse! then the bottle no farther shall pass:
Nay, hang it, this chilling reserve is a folly.
I'm sure 'tis no cherry cheek'd nursery lass,
No three per cent. dowdy, no demirep Dolly.

Come, whisper; my ear is as safe as the Bank,
Where all that goes in is for ever impounded.
What, Lucy! adzooks! then your prize is a blank;
With imps in blue jackets for life you're surrounded.

Mrs. Clarke's costly freaks she will presently beat,
And if you don't quit the extravagant wench,
You'll soon quit the Army to starve in the Fleet,
Or change your own seat for his Majesty's Bench.

ODE XXVIII.

LUCRETIUS AND DR. BUSBY.

Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ.

"LUCRETIUS, tho' thy numbers could embrace"
(Thus Busby spoke) "the secret plans of Fate,
Lay bare the haunts of matter, form, and space,
And all creation in thy song create;

O'er thy dead stanzas now Arachne weaves
Her web to hide thee from a buzzing crowd;
Dishonourable dust o'erspreads thy leaves,
And Hermes wraps thee in oblivion's shroud."

To whom Lucretius—"fugitive and fleet,
Religion's dogmas yield to age's tooth;
Like the loose sand beneath Achilles' feet,
They shift or crumble at the touch of truth.

Each mystic zealot heavenward points the way,
Heaven mocks alike the artist and the art:
Where is thy solar system, Tycho Brahe?
Where now thy eddying vortices, Des Cartes?

Some, dreaming seers, with angels converse hold,
Some, teiz'd by Satan, Faith's palladium guard.
Paine, Priestley, sleep in transatlantic mould,
And Godwin slumbers in Saint Paul's Churchyard.

One night o'ershadows systems old and new,
Death to one fatal ferry all consigns,
And not a head amid the sapient crew,
But whispers, *tête-à-tête*, with Proserpine's.

Me, too, death summons to my kindred soil,
Philosophy's new lamp outdazzles mine:
Outdazzles! no, dipp'd in thy midnight oil
My glimmering taper yet again may shine.

Arouse thee, rhymster, bid thy boy rehearse,
And, whilst around thy drowsy audience nod,
Lest the pale urchin mar thy labour'd verse,
Wield o'er his trembling head thy grandsire's rod.

So may Apollo in Queen Ann Street West
Full o'er thy muse his warbling choir uncage,
Names fill thy index, Plutus fills thy chest,
And dedication smooth thy hot-press'd page.

Hah! doubt'st thou, recreant? does thy lazy wit
To snatch my verse from Lethe's pit refuse?
Then may new Drury's widely yawning pit
O'erwhelm thy urchin, and engulph thy muse.

That threat prevails—thou sweep'st thy classic chords;
Laud we the Gods! Lucretius now is free;
Come affluent commoners, come pursy lords,
Down with your dust, to shake the dust from me."

The TERMAGANT.

To Lucy.

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invides.

Ah, Lucy, how changed are my prospects in life,
Since first you awaken'd love's flame!
So humble a bride, such a petulant wife,
Gadzooks! I scarce think you the same.

That badge which the husband's ascendance secures,
(The poor *sans culottes* never wore 'em)
You arrogate now as prescriptively yours,
In spite of all sense and decorum.

No longer your smile like a sunbeam appears,
But clouds your fair visage deform,
Which quickly find vent in a deluge of tears,
Or burst into thunder and storm.

O! who will now question that Venus's dove,
Transform'd to a vulture, may feed
On the sensitive heart of the victim of love,
Condemn'd in close fetters to bleed;

Since you whom so lately an angel I thought,
Now acting the termagant's part,
Exult o'er the fetters which wedlock has wrought,
And tear without mercy my heart.

Your temper is changed from serene to perverse,
Your tongue from endearment to clatter:
I took you for better, as well as for worse,
But find you are wholly the latter.

ODE XXX.

PRIVATE BOXES.

Written during the first O. P. war.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique.

O Venus, Queen of Drury Lane!
Soft partizan of amorous doxies,
O'er tall Soho no longer reign,
But patronize our Private Boxes.

Let Cupid, ardent chaperon,
To Hart Street light the London graces,
As loose of manners as of zone,
With bosoms bare, and brazen faces.

Bring with thee, dame, a tempting show
Of girls fantastic, gay, and jolly;
Age without thee is sapient woe,
And with thee youth is joyous folly.

Bring, too, the footpad demigod,
Who once outwitted wise Apollo;
O'er paths by truant Venus trod,
Sly Mercury is sure to follow.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem.

WHAT asks the bard who first invades
With votive verse Apollo's shrine,
And lulls with midnight serenades
Thee, male duenna of the Nine?

Not ven'son, darling of the church,
Mutton will serve his turn as well;
Nor costly turtle dress'd by BIRCH—
He spurns the *fat* to sound the *shell*.

Fearing to trust to dubious *stocks*,
He ne'er invests his money there,
And views with scorn the *London Docks*,
Perch'd on his castle in the air.

Ye sunburnt peasantry of Gaul,
Go prune your vines for Norfolk's lord;
His jovial table welcomes all,
And laughing plenty crowns the board.

Favourite of Bácchus! see him lay
His comrades senseless on the floor,
And then march soberly away,
With bottles three, ay, sometimes four.

My skill in wines is quickly said,
I drink them but to make me merry;
Claret and Port alike are red,
Champagne is white, and so is sherry.

Grant me, ye powers, a middle state,
Remote from poverty and wealth;
Above the poor, below the great,
A body and a mind in health.

And when old Time upon this head
His snowy bounty shall impart,
Oh grant that he may never spread
Its freezing influence to my heart.

ODE XXXII.

To the COMIC MUSE.

Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbrâ.

Sweet Muse! beneath Apollo's ray,
If ever I, your charms adoring,
Begot a jocund roundelay,
The noisy gods thought worth *encoring*—

Come now, and with your archest smile
Inspire, sweet maid, a comic ditty,
Something in *Colman's* humorous style,
And just about one third as witty.

By either sister lov'd, caress'd,
He, gay deceiver, picks and chuses:
To serve two masters is no jest,
But he contrives to serve two muses.

Now he pourtrays the man of pelf,
Unmov'd by Yarico's disaster;
And now the Latin-quoting elf,
Still cringing to the wealthiest master.

To Afric's sultry plain convey'd,
To paint the ardent Moor's distresses,
He toys with *Sutta*, dingy maid,
With eyes as sable as her tresses.

From grave to gay he loves to fly,
Whilst I with you alone would tarry;
A constant *Colonel Standard* I,
And he a volatile *Sir Harry*.

O pride of Phœbus! heavenly fair!
Rare visitant at great men's tables,
Whose smiles can make old fashion'd Care
Doff, for a while, his suit of sables,

Enroll me on your jovial staff,
Sworn foe to sentimental sadness,
And I will live to love and laugh,
And wake the lyre to you and gladness.

ODE XXXIII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor.

'Tis folly yourself and your readers to vex,
With verses as feeble and bald as old Q.;
Your Fanny but echoes the creed of her sex,
Preferring a younger Adonis to you.

Amanda, the mild, follows Ned through the Park,
From Kensington Gardens to Cumberland Gate,
Yet Ned, an ungrateful and volatile spark,
Adores a virago, and truckles to Kate.

But sooner the shark from West Indian seas
Shall swim in a bowl, and by children be fed,
Than Kitty, as rampant as Pope's Eloise,
Surrender the mistress, and marry with Ned.

So wills Madam Venus: she's ever delighted
To join young and old in one wearisome yoke,
Then tortures the bosom with flames unrequited,
And thinks our misfortunes an excellent joke.

Why cannot I love pretty Susan, or Polly,
Or gentle Nannette, or dear sensitive Jane?
The answer, alas! but exposes my folly—
I court lovely Ellen, and court her in vain.

I'd give all I'm worth to be able to hate her;
She smiles, and I picture consent in her eye,
When, cold and deceitful as ice to a skaiter,
She tempts me to pleasure, but leaves me to die.

ODE XXXIV.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.

Inveigled by Hume from the Temple of Truth,
From Piety's sheepfold a stray lamb,
I laugh'd and I sang, a mere reprobate youth,
As seldom at church as Sir Balaam.

But now through a crack in my worldly wise head
A ray of new light sheds a blaze,
And back, with the speed of a zealot, I tread
The wide metaphysical maze.

Of late through the Strand as I saunter'd away,
A curricle gave me new life,
For oh! in that curricle, spruce as the day,
Sate Cœlebs in search of a Wife!

Majestic as thunder he roll'd through the air,
His horses were rapidly driven;
I gaz'd like the pilgrim in Vanity Fair,
When *Faithful* was snatch'd into Heaven.

Loud bellow'd the monsters in Pidcock's abyss,
Old vagabond Thames caught the sound,
It shook the Adelphi, it scar'd gloomy Dis,
And Styx swore an oath underground.

The puritan rises, philosophy falls,
When touch'd by his harlequin rod;
The cobler and prelate from separate stalls,
Chaunt hymns to the young demigod.

The beardless reformer leaves London behind,
He wanders o'er woodland and common,
And dives into depths theologic to find
That darkest of swans—a white woman.

The Pilgrim of *Bunyan* felt wiser alarms—
His darling at home could not bind him;
'Twas Death and the Devil when lock'd in her arms,
'Twas Heaven—when he left her behind him.

ODE XXXV.

To Fortune.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.

Goddess! by grateful gulls ador'd,
Whose wand can make a clown a lord,
And lords to coachmen humble:
Whose Midas touch our gold supplies,
Then bids our wealth in paper rise,
Rise? zounds! I should say tumble!

Thee barking *Fire* Assurance baits;
With face as brazen as her plates
She in thy lobby lingers:
But fire, alas! to smoak will turn,
And sharers, though no houses burn,
Are sure to burn their fingers.

In troubled *water* others fish,
Locks, docks, canals, their utmost wish;
They're welcome if they love it:
They who on water money lend,
Can seldom manage, in the end,
To keep their heads above it.

Who sinks in *earth* but sinks in cash;
'Tis to make nothing but a smash,
Do nothing, but undoing:
New bridges halt amid the flood,
New roads desert us in the mud,
And turn out "roads to ruin."

The knavish crew, in bubbles skill'd,
Next, high in *air* their castles build;
But air, too, mocks their trouble:
Balloons to earth too quickly slope,
And WINSOR's *Gas*, like WINDSOR's *Soap*,
When blown, appears a bubble.

Oh Fortune! in thy giddy march
Kick down (and welcome) *Highgate Arch*,
But be content with one ill,
When from the gallery ruin nods,
Oh! whisper silence to the gods,
And spare the *Muses' Tunnel** !

Grim bankruptcy thy path besets,
With one great seal and three gazettes
Suspended from her shoulders:
Diggers and miners swell her train,
Who having *bored* the earth in vain,
Now *bore* the poor share-holders.

While vulgar dupes compell'd to pay,
Decoy'd too far to fly away,
Are caught and pluck'd like tame ducks,
Their pools of fancied wealth are lakes
Wherein their cash makes ducks and drakes,
Till they themseves are lame ducks.

* This alludes to a ridiculous Farce, called HIGHGATE TUNNEL, which met with undeserved favor at the time of its appearance, and is now deservedly forgotten.

Farces like those to send adrift,
Blind Goddess, give my farce a lift,
And bid me touch the Spanish:
Too weak to brave the critics' scorn,
So shall it serve the weak to warn,
And quack impostors banish.

Too long from Ketch's halter freed,
At our expence, each black-legg'd steed
Has fatten'd with his brother:
Gorged with their asinine repast,
May they, like Duncan's stud, at last
Spare us, and eat each other.

ODE XXXVI.

THE GAOL DELIVERY.

Et thure et fidibus juvat.

Scrape the fiddles, rub the glasses;
Jove bestow'd, to sweeten life,
Claret, music, dice, and lasses;
Fill about, and banish strife.
Find some fool who apes his betters,
Bid him cook a tavern treat;
Blithest of insolvent debtors,
Florio issues from the Fleet.

Mark with what a merry mazzard,
Nightly poaching where they list,
Elbow-shaking sons of hazard
Shake his honorable fist.

But his brother, gay and jolly,
Simpers with sincerest glee:
Sons of the same mother, Folly,
Who can wonder they agree?

Tap we now our heels in dancing
Tipsily along the floor:
When the burgundy's advancing,
Heel taps shall exist no more.
Thornton, aid us in our waltzing;
Aid us, Bacchus, in our reels:
If we stumble, why the fault's in
Polish'd floors and brazen heels.

Bring burnt toast and pepper'd devils,
Dry provocatives to drink;
Smile, Aurora, on our revels,
Fill the bowl, boys, to the brink.
In a jovial hob and nob let
Kitty with the youth contend,
Quaff, like Ammon's son, the goblet:—
Joy to our unprison'd friend!

Kitty on each rival brother
Turns in turn her leering eye,
Dubious whether this or t'other
Best deserves her tender sigh.
Should Old Nick hereafter waver,
To decide, like Kitty, loth,
HORACE, as a special favor,
To his care surrenders—both.

ODE XXXVII.

LOB'S POUND.

The Poet rejoiceth in the return of tranquillity, after the imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett in the Tower.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.

"Now broach ye a pipe of the best Malvoisie,"
'Tis sold at the Marmion tavern;
Come, feast upon turtle, and sing a Scotch glee,
And dance round the table in grand jubilee,
Like so many hags in a cavern.

'Tis wrong to draw corks in the midst of a row,
Old Port is the devil when shaken;
The caption was novel, I needs must allow;
An Englishman's house was his castle till now,
But castles are now and then taken.

Sir Francis had sipp'd Popularity's dram—
Such drunkards will never be quiet;
He said, "Mr. Serjeant, your warrant's a sham;
Upheld by the rabble I'll stay where I am."
So London was all in a riot.

But soon Mr. Serjeant surmounted the basement,
Which only made John Bull the gladder;
For back he was push'd, to his utter amazement,
The baronet smil'd when he saw from the casement
His enemies mounting a ladder.

At length all the constables broke in below;
Quoth Gibbs, "It is legal, depend on't."
Thus riding in chace of a Doe or a Roe,
The flying humbailiff cries "*yoix! tally ho!*"
And seizes the luckless defendant.

Sir Francis, determin'd the question to try,
Was quietly reading law latin;
Not able, and therefore not willing to fly,
He saw all the Parliament forces draw nigh,
As firm as the chair that he sat in.

His lady was by, and she play'd on her lute,
And sung "*Will you come to the bower?*"
The *Serjeant at Arms*, who was hitherto mute,
Advanced and exclaim'd, like an ill-natur'd brute,
"Sir Knight, *will you come to the Tower?*"

He mounted the carriage, by numbers oppress'd,
But first, with a dubious intention,
Like Queen Cleopatra, he secretly press'd
Two serpents, in tender adieu, to his breast,
Whose names I had rather not mention.

'Tis thus other Wimbledon heroes attain
The summit of posthumous fame;
They dodge their pursuers through alley and lane,
But when they discover resistance is vain,
They kick up a dust and die game.

ODE XXXVIII.

THE BILL OF FARE.

Persicos odi puer apparatus.

HERE, Waiter, I'll dine in this box;
I've look'd at your long bill of fare:
A Pythagorean it shocks
To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburthen'd with cash,
Roast beef is the dinner for me;
Then why should I eat *calipash*,
Or why should I eat *calipee*?

Your trifle's no trifle, I ween,
To customers prudent as I am;
Your peas in December are green,
But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With ven'son I seldom am fed—
Go bring me the sirloin, you ninny;
Who dines at a guinea a head
Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.

BOOK II. ODE I.

THE FIRST O. P. WAR.

To Mr. Kemble.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum.

When civil commotion beleaguers the thane,
When tempests assail aged Lear,
When the ghost of old Hamlet amazes the Dane,
In Richard the cruel, or Hotspur the vain,
O when shall your equal appear?

The wreath of applause what philosopher scorns?
'Tis a wreath of the sweetest moss roses;
But when it the brow of an actor adorns,
The public will mix a few good-natur'd thorns,
To tickle his ears when he dozes.

Awhile to your theatre now bid adieu;
Fly, fly from the tumult and riot;
Attempt not your truncheon and staff to renew,
But give them to Townsend, to help to subdue
The foes to new prices and quiet.

For hark! what a discord of bugles and bells,
What whistling, and springing of rattles!
What screaming, and groaning, and hissing, and yells,
Till mad-headed Mammon his victims impels
To scuffle, row, riot, and battles.

And now from the barracks of Bow Street, alack!
A band under *Townsend* and *Sayers*
Wave high their gilt staves, while the dull sounding thwack
Falls frequent and thick on the enemies' back,
Or visits their pate with a merry-ton'd crack,
In aid of King John and the Players.

The Billingsgate muses, indignant to find
Catalani and fiddlers from Paris
Usurping their place, in revenge have combin'd
To kick up this dust in the popular mind,
So fatal to Kemble and Harris.

What surly brown bear has not gladly receiv'd
The misers who old prices stick to?
At Bow-Street what knight is not sorely aggriev'd?
Where Christians are cross'd, Unbelievers believ'd—
Oh story "mirabile dictu!"

To mix in this warfare, regardless of fear,
What 'prentice or clerk is unwilling?
From Smithfield and Wapping what heroes appear,
Who fight, I acknowledge, for all they hold dear,
When the object of war's the last shilling.

What fists of defiance the pugilists wield!
What Jews have not had bloody noses?
What victim of law, who to Mainwaring yields,
But gladly for ever would quit Cold Bath Fields
To fight here "pro ARIS et focis"?

But gently, my muse, hush your angry ton'd lyre;
From rows so disgraceful remove;
And seated at home by your own parlour fire,
Let Beauty and Bacchus your numbers inspire
To melody, laughter, and love.

ODE II.

To the Wanstead Lucullus.

Nullus argento color est avaris.

If we don't make manure of our money,
And spread it that others may thrive,
'Tis useless as ungather'd honey
Neglected to rot in the hive.

Fame, trampling on ribbons and garters,
And scoffing at guineas as dross,
Lifts o'er the rich reprobate Chartres,
The poor penefactor of Ross.

To govern your mental diseases
Is boasting a far wider way,
Than if you could double your leases,
And Blenheim to Wanstead convey.

With dropsical fevers unhealthy,
Our drinking increases our thirst;
E'en such is the fate of the wealthy,
By quenchless cupidity curs'd.

The mob on the ninth of November,
Who shout at the Mayor and his mace,
Suppose him the happiest member,
Of Fortune's gay liveried race.

Such fancies can never inveigle
Men cast in philosophy's mould;
They, stern as the sun-daring eagle,
Gaze firm and undazzled on gold.

ODE III.

PHILOSOPHIC ENJOYMENT.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

To H. R. —— Esq.

When Fortune, fickle jade's unkind,
Preserve the philosophic mind,
That dignifies it's bearer;
And when the goddess opes her hand,
Receive the purse, but scorn the band
That blinds its subject wearer.

Whether condemn'd by fate's decree,
To toil in town, and learn, like me,
Economy from Rumford;
Or bless'd in all that you desire,
Living, as now, a jovial squire,
In luxury and comfort.

In Windsor's green romantic glades,
The "Monarch's and the Muses" shades,
By silver Thames reclining,
Unfetter'd now your mind may soar,
On Aganippe's hallow'd shore,
The muse's wreath entwining.

Quaff, while you may, your choicest wine,
Let beauty and the muse combine
To crown your classic leisure;
Snatch what the fickle fates supply,
Enjoy the roses 'ere they die,
And give a loose to pleasure.

Death pays no deference to name,
Peasant or Prince 'tis all the same;
Unsparing king of terror,
His warrant cannot be delay'd,
Nor his proceedings quash'd or stay'd
By any writ of error.

Your heir, perchance, when you're removed,
Improving on what you improved,
To give his taste expansion,
May fell your groves, implant the lawn,
And with a newer grace adorn
Your metamorphos'd mansion.

Grim Cerberus at random snaps;
Life is a stage laid out in traps,
A pantomimic vision;
Some live to see the curtain drop,
And down some prematurely pop,
Like Banquo's apparition.

ODE IV.

THE ACTRESS.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

An Actress! well, I own 'tis true,
But why should that your love subdue,
Or bid you blush for Polly?
When all within is sense and worth,
To care for modes of life, or birth,
Is arrant pride and folly.

A Polly, in a former age,
Resign'd the Captain, and the stage,
To shine as Bolton's Duchess.
Derby and *Craven* since have shown
That virtue builds herself a throne,
Ennobling whom she touches.

In each new pantomime that's hatch'd,
The Columbine is quickly snatch'd
To wed some wealthy suitor:
'Tis "all for love, the world well lost"—
What pupil calculates the cost,
When passion is the tutor?

Why, all the world's a stage, and we,
Its pantomimic pageantry,
Change places and conditions:
Fortune's the magic Harlequin,
Whose touch diffuses o'er the scene
Fantastic transpositions.

Your Polly in her veins may bear
The blood, perchance, of London's Mayor,
Who smote the King's reviler;
Whose mace a monarch's life secures,
But slays an ancestor of yours,
In knocking down Wat Tyler.

She who is artless, chaste, refin'd,
Disinterested, pure in mind,
Unsoil'd with vice's leaven,
Has that nobility within,
Which kings can neither give nor win;
Her patent is from heaven.

Discard your doubts—your suit prefer;
You dignify yourself, not her,
By honourable passion:
And if your noble friends should stare,
Go, bid them show a happier pair
Among the fools of fashion.

ODE V.

THE UNFLEDGED MUSE.

Nondum subactâ ferre jugum valet.

Your Muse is too young for the trade,
Forbear the poor soul to caress:
The tender, the delicate maid
Will die by the weight of the press.

Still let her on Pegasus stray,
But pace, in a canter at most,
The meads of La Belle Assemblée,
The Ladies' Museum and Post.

To critical batteries blind,
How many a volunteer muse,
Her magazines leaving behind,
Has met with her death in reviews.

Then weigh well the *pros* and the *cons*,
Shew nought of the goose but it's quill;
Get tribute from critical dons,
And then touch the Spanish at will.

Then gallop, or canter, or trot,
Your muse will the labour endure;
Fight cap-a-pied heroes with Scott,
Woo sensitive beauty with Moore.

Then rhyming, or prosing, or soft,
Or rugged, your thoughts you may blab;
Write egotist essays with Loft,
Or workhouse heroics with Crabbe.

While booksellers kindle your urn,
And puff your funereal fires,
Your flame shall continue to burn
Long after your fuel expires.

ODE VI.

THE CLASSIC VILLA.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum.

Muse, at whose gate I've oft times knock'd,
In fancy's dream thy charms caressing;
Whose maid my dignity has shock'd
As oft, by answering, Sir, she's dressing.

O'er my last lay thy gold dust shake,
A guinea for each line I spin is
The lowest farthing I can take;
The whole will cost three thousand guineas.

Thus let me write from youth to age,
And when the critics dub me *Crassus*,
With a low bow I'll quit the stage,
And sport a villa near Parnassus.

Safe from adversity's attacks,
There let me quaff from Phœbus' chalice,
In a snug house, like trusty *Mac's*,
Adjoining to my sovereign's palace.

But if the envious fates refuse,
And dub my tuneful swan a raven,
Pack thy portmanteau, injur'd muse,
And seek with me Britannia's haven.

A lane near Cripplegate extends,
Grub Street 'tis call'd, the London Pindus,
Where, but that Bards are seldom friends,
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.

There Thyrsis tunes his oaten reed,
(Nought oaten else to make him merry),
There grave Virginia smokes her weed,
And Juniper distils his berry.

All loftier tenants I discard,
I soar to catch Apollo's favour;
The attic floor shall prop the bard,
And attic salt his porridge savour.

And when the poet's goal I reach,
With body lean and tunic shabby,
Chaunt, widow'd muse, my dying speech,
And shroud my ashes in the abbey.

ODE VII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

O sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum.

Oh! whence are you come,
My crony, my chum,
In boyhood's bright sun-shiney weather?
What shock of the spheres,
After so many years,
Has thrown us again both together?

How oft you and I
Have drank ourselves dry,
Till mounting high over our heads,
Morn enter'd the casement,
And stared with amazement,
To find us not yet in our beds.

One night at the British,
We grew rather skittish,
And sallied out fighting the rabble;
But the guardians of night,
Put our valour to flight,
And I lost my hat in the squabble.

Fair cloud-cover'd Venus,
Intruding between us,
Me carried away from the battle;
While you left at large,
Return'd to the charge,
And bore off a lanthorn and rattle.

'Tis six—come and dine,
And over our wine
We'll talk of our juvenile laurels!
What boys we were then!
But now we are men,
And seldom engage in street quarrels.

At twelve let us sup,
We'll not keep it up
All night, like your rake-helly ranters;

At three, or half after,
The goddess of laughter,
Shall bear off the empty decanters.

We'll talk of our gambols,
Our riots and rambles,
Till Phœbus looks out of his garret;
Two bottles in one,
Are excellent fun,
So, waiter—a *magnum* of claret.

ODE VIII.

To Mrs. MARY ANNE CLARKE.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati.

If, furious as your seeming fibs,
Fate aided by Sir Vicary Gibbs,
On thee, frail fair one, pouncing,
Had pared one nail or drawn one tooth,
While tooth and nail you fought for truth,
I might have thought you bouncing.

But now, the grand inquiry o'er,
You blaze upon us more and more,
For public life grown fitter—
To Westbourne Place all parties go—
At lovers' perjuries, we know,
Great Jove himself will titter.

Whether a widow or a wife,
Who cares? admit your private life
Than Erebus were fouler;
The public is indifferent quite,
Whether upon a given night,
You slept with me or *Dowler*.

Psha! Venus laughs at tricks like these;
Her nymphs, whatever their degrees,
Will cheat when they are able.
Yes, when commissions are the bait,
E'en Dulwich hermits emulate
The Santon in the fable.

New lovers swell your list; the old
Still make their suit, all potent gold
Unwilling to abandon:
Revolving time may view again,
Bowing obsequious in your train,
Some future Captain Sandon.

Mothers by you their daughters warn,
And bid the tittering hussies scorn
Your scandalous behaving.

The prudent, parsimonious sire,
Trembles to see his son admire
Your mezzotint engraving.

The blushing bride your name reviles,
And in your fascinating wiles
Anticipates disaster.
The Cit who keeps a Clarke like you,
His Saturnalian fate will rue,
And find the Clerk the master.

ODE IX.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos.

Not for ever bleak November,
Chills the gayly dancing hours;
Rolling time, dear girl, remember,
Decks the bright parterre with flowers.

Ice the Serpentine may cover,
Oaks their leafless boughs display;
What care I? the winter over,
Soon shall follow laughing May.

Why should'st thou all joy denying,
Still in tears thy 'kerchief steep?
Pale Aurora hears thy sighing,
Setting Phœbus sees thee weep.

Clad in bombazeen and cam'let,
Gertrude wept a monarch dead:
See her soon, forgetting Hamlet,
Take his brother to her bed.

Dido torn from poor Sichæus,
Thus repining sought relief:
"Anna! don't you think Æneas
"Might contrive to heal my grief?"

Thy good man in sleep reposes;
Soon thou wilt another choose:
Widow's weeds all turn to roses,
When a comely suitor woes.

Give the hours to joyous greeting,
Vulgar sorrows far above;
Youth and beauty, O how fleeting!
O how fleeting, woman's love!

Let us sing the song you relish,
Who at Brighton bear the bell,
Walking Barclay, racing Mellish,
Fun, and vive la bagatelle!

Tears from Pluto's dark dominion
Cannot now thy husband keep;
If they could, 'tis my opinion
Those bright eyes would cease to weep!

ODE X.

TO ROMEO,

On his late Fall from his Curricle.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum.

SOUND, Romeo, sound a wise retreat,
For though the town's applause is sweet,
It's hiss is dire and horrid:
Nor when you give the boards the slip,
And change the truncheon for the whip,
Pave Pall Mall with your forehead.

Philosophy nor wastes nor spares,
Starves not to benefit his heirs,
Nor spends his all in riot;
Dines not at nine a Duke to meet,
Nor dives at one, in Dyot Street,
For *Ordinary* diet.

When ice encrusts the slippery bank,
The tallest fall with heaviest spank,
(The bard who writes has felt it,)
The bolt that strikes thy dome, Saint Paul,
Sweeps o'er the cobler in his stall,
And leaves his wax unmelted.

When caution's doublet cloaks the breast,
We fear the worst, we hope the best;
Last Wednesday seem'd a dry day,
But Jove pour'd down a waterfall
That spoilt our party to Vauxhall;
What then?—We went on Friday!

Would you Contentment's bower approach,
Walk, or when cloudy, call a coach;
When Sirius rages, boat it;
When quizzers roast you, silent sit;
And when admirers hail your wit,
Suspect Joe Miller wrote it.

ODE XI.

The QUIDNUNC.

Quid belicosus Cantaber et Scythes.

Cease, cease, gloomy mortal, to trouble your brain,
With Spain and her heroes to liberty true;
Napoleon must cut off an arm of the main,
Ere he, or his arms, can give trouble to you.

Our youth, like a rainbow, soon loses its charms,
And with it life's flattering colours are gone;
Soft sleep, love, and pleasure, are scared from our arms,
As age on his crutches comes tottering on.

The spring and its roses soon bend to the blast,
The moon fades away, leaving darkness behind;
Since nature will change, why should misery last,
Or care and his legions bedevil our mind?

Dear Hal, if thou lov'st me, (as Falstaff would say)
Let carking old care be invaulted below;
And if he will rise when you wish to be gay,
Bid him bring you a bottle of *Chateau-Margaud.*

Then let him, when Bacchus and pleasure combine
To banish the woes of this whirligig world,
Like Clarence obtain his quietus in wine;
Within the Red Sea, let his spirit be hurl'd.

The drinkers of water are drunkards, not we,
Ariston men Udor's an adage for swine;
For man's like a beast tippling water, and he
Must be drunk as a beast who refuses his wine.

Let Laura, the lovely enchantress, appear,
And breathe to her harp the effusions of Moore:
Enjoying these transports, oh, what should we fear,
While wit can exalt us, or beauty allure?

Then cease, my dear Quidnunc, to groan at the news,
Nor mourn o'er the records of national sorrow;
But if you *must* study, oh study to lose,
In this day's enjoyment the thought of to-morrow.

ODE XII.

MISS PUFF.

To Horace in Rome.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ.

IMMORTAL Flaccus, on my soul,
Well might you think it passing droll,
Were I to start the rival of your glory;
Ape in my odes your playful verse,
Affect your satire, keen and terse,
Or grace with kings and chiefs my classic story!

You, mighty minstrel, are at home
Chaunting the civil wars of Rome,
The praises of Augustus or Mæcenas:

My humble Muse in London tells,
Of civil wars 'twixt beaus and belles,
Or burns for thee, Miss Puff, the City Venus.

That eye I sing, whose ambush-play
Kills while it looks another way,
That voice so true to false and vulgar grammar,
That breast I know not where to find,
That graceful curvature behind,
That wealth her father conquer'd with his hammer.

When at my Lord Mayor's ball she dines,
In gold and carving how she shines,
Or like an *Ignis Fatuus* cuts her capers!
Ah me! in vain I look and sigh,
Some fool will own that gooseberry eye,
And make her gold a *nostrum* for the vapours.

Tho' now in Laurence-Pountney-Lane,
The cruel Syren holds her reign,
Unseen, unnotic'd, through her spatter'd casement,

Soon blazing forth in Russell Square,
The gilded monster shall be there,
A fruitful theme of laughter and amazement.

ODE XIII.

The STOCK JOBBER'S LAMENT.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die.

O FATAL Omnium, wicked was his noddle,
Who first created (omen of ill luck)
Thee, doom'd to make thy holder almost waddle,
And turn a green Goose, to a limping Duck.

NAPOLEON, who with me has play'd the Devil,
Has doubtless acted it with many more,
In midnight massacres dispos'd to revel,
Or poison soldiers upon Jaffa's shore.

All other crimes I could forgive thee, Boney,
But this exceeds the blackest in degree;
'Tis murderous sacrilege to take my money,
For money is both life and soul to me.

We cannot all of us be always winners,
Bulls will hold on when markets mock their art;
And disappointed Bears, tho' cunning sinners,
Sometimes hold off, when prices upward start.

Fortune takes one behind her on a pillion;
Another, whom to-day she tumbles down,
To-morrow she may bless with half a million,
And leave the first with scarcely half a crown.

There future Ducks who in hot water dabble,
Chatter of leagues and wars in sounds confused:
Others of Long Annuities will gabble,
Or prate of my appropriate Fund——Reduced.

But what a sudden truce to their debating,
When the commissioners are served with stock!
Then Bulls and Bears, no more each other baiting,
Round a new pivot clamorously flock.

Three-headed Cerberus stands mute with wonder,
To find his roar excell'd by human tongues,
With lifted hands, all bellowing like thunder,
A fleet of fingers in a storm of lungs.

Rise from the shades, old Orpheus, with thy fiddle,
To quell this row among the biped cattle,
Bid Bulls with dancing Bears lead down the middle,
So shall their tongues and heels in concert rattle.

ODE XIV.

To any Great Man.

Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume.

Ah me! on his wide-waving pinions,
Time carries us on day by day,
And downwards to Pluto's dominions
We mortals are posting away.

Not *Huntington*, cleans'd from his errors,
And dubb'd by diploma S. S.
Has yet taught the monarch of terrors
To dine on one mouthful the less.

Sage *Solomon's* Gilead potion
No chronic disease can assuage;
O *Gowland*, how vain is thy lotion,
To wash out the wrinkles of age!

Whole *hecatombs* vainly we proffer
To hell's unappeasable chief,
Old Iron-cheek laughs at the offer,
And swallows down us and our beef!

We all in one pinnace are rowing,
The haven we seek is the grave;
The Stygian waters are flowing,
Alike for the monarch and slave.

We shun the rude billows of Ocean;
We shrink from the wind and the rain,
We fly from the battle's commotion,
And dodge the grim serjeant in vain.

The bourn we have all such a dread of
We quickly must visit below,
And talk with the heroes we read of
In *Littleton*, *Lucian*, and *Rowe*.

Good bye to your farm and your stables,
Farewell to your liveried train;
Your well-jointur'd widow in sables,
Shall mourn like the twice mated *Dane*.

That nodding plantation to-morrow
For some other owner shall bloom,
The yew tree alone in mute sorrow
Shall sullenly wave o'er your tomb.

This house, when it boasts a new dweller,
Shall bid thrifty prudence farewell;
Your son, with the keys of the cellar,
Shall tinkle your funeral knell.

Your claret shall flow like a river,
Your old bottled port, set adrift,
Shall drown every thought of the giver
In frolicksome love of the gift.

ODE XV.

NEW BUILDINGS.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regia.

Saint George's Fields are fields no more,
The trowel supersedes the plough,
Huge inundated swamps of yore,
Are changed to civic villas now.

The builder's plank, the mason's hod,
Wide, and more wide extending still,
Usurp the violated sod,
From *Lambeth Marsh* to *Balaam Hill*.

Pert poplars, yew trees, water tubs,
No more at *Clapham* meet the eye,
But velvet lawns, Acacian shrubs,
With perfume greet the passer by.

Thy carpets, Persia, deck our floors,
Chintz curtains shade the polish'd pane,
Virandas guard the darken'd doors,
Where dunning Phœbus knocks in vain.

Not thus acquir'd was GRESHAM's hoard,
Who founded LONDON's mart of trade;
Not such thy life, GRIMALKIN's lord,
Who *Bow's* recalling peal obey'd.

In *Mark* or *Mincing Lane* confin'd,
In cheerful toil they pass'd the hours;
'Twas theirs to leave their wealth behind,
To lavish, while we live, is ours.

They gave no treats to thankless kings;
Many their gains, their wants were few;
They built no house with spacious wings,
To give their riches pinions too.

Yet sometimes leaving in the lurch
Sons, to luxurious folly prone,
Their funds rebuilt the parish church—
Oh! pious waste, to us unknown.

We from our circle never roam,
Nor ape our sires' eccentric sins;
Our charity begins at home,
And mostly ends where it begins.

ODE XVI.

WIT ON THE WING.

To George Colman the Younger.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

The youth, from his indentures freed,
Who mounts astride the winged steed,
The muses' hunt to follow;
With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
Petitions great Apollo.

For wit the quarto-building wight
Invokes the Gods; the jilt in spite
Eludes the man of letters.
Wit thro' the wire-wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides
Of red morocco fetters.

Vain is the smart port-folio set,
The costly inkstand, black as jet,
The desk of polish'd level;
The well-shorn pens to use at will:—
'Tis no great task to cut a quill—
To cut a joke's the devil!

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tills his mother wit,
In humble life he settles;
Unskill'd in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims, "descend, ye *nine!*"
But when he plays at skittles.

They who neglect their proper home
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
Are poor Quixotic Vandals;
'Twas well enough in needy Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
Buzz round the Roman candles?

Care swarms in rivers, roads, and bogs,
It's plagues spring up like Pharaoh's frogs,
Too numerous to bury;
It roams through London streets at large,
And now bestrides a Lord Mayor's barge,
And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man who no vertigo feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
But at their motion titters;
Pitying the sons of care and strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
Nor heeds its future bitters.

Poor *Tobin* died, alas! too soon,
Ere with chaste ray his *Honey Moon*
Had shone to glad the nation:
Others, I will not mention who,
For many a year may *(entre nous)*
Outlive their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to Time,
From Massinger to Murphy;
And all who flit on Lethe's brink,
Too weak to swim, alas! must sink,
From Davenant to Durfey.

Your rival muses, like two wives,
Assail your pate, and while each strives
To win you to her quarrel,
Like Garrick painted by Sir Jos,
You stand between them, at a loss
On which to weave the laurel.

My Muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs of fortune's gale the sport,
She in the sand conceals 'em:
By no intrusive wanderer found,
'Till watchman Phœbus walks his round,
And with his lamp reveals 'em.

But should the god's far-darting ray
Destroy her fragile web to-day,
She'll spin again to morrow ;
These trifles ne'er her mind annoy,
Who never knew a parent's joy,
Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.

ODE XVII.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis.

Why plague me to death with your sighs?
Why mope you thus froward and mulish?
Your Brother, your friend Pennywise
Will never survive his Poundfoolish.

You lose in adventure your gold,
Whilst I half commissions am rich in;
I freeze in the parlour with cold,
You waste all the coals in the kitchen.

So firm our affection, so true,
So constant, or losing or winning,
The blow that demolishes you
Will set all my farthings a spinning.

How complex the purse we have spun!
If e'er LIBERALITY sever
The close twisted thread of the one,
The other is ruin'd for ever.

If fever assail me, for thee
Dog cheap with the evil I'll wrestle;
I'll spurn Doctor Bailey to fee
Some second rate knight of the pestle.

Our mother, high wages to save,
Engaged for a nurse a cheap dawdle,
Who hurried her off to the grave,
By giving her gruel for cawdle.

When O. P.s set up a hubbub,
We did not each other as foes treat,
I pack'd off the beefeater's club,
And you rais'd the pillars in Bow Street.

Last week I bespoke me a hearse,
Self Interest whisper'd—Self murder;
But *Avarice* lurk'd in my purse,
And, lucky escape! overheard her.

Our bed is a second-hand tent;
Away with the cushions of comfort!
Do you daub the house with cement,
And I'll burn a coal to Count Rumford.

ODE XVIII.

THE UNANSWERABLE QUERY.

Non ebur, neque aureum.

Sage elephant, thou'rt safe—I hold
No ivory, save one tooth-pick case,
My paper boasts no edge of gold;
My stationer is *Henry Hase.*

My stucco is of Gallic grey,
My cornices from gilt are free;
My pillars spurn the gaudy sway
Of antichristian porphyry.

I boast no heaps of sordid gain,
No plunder'd heirs my fraud bemoan;
I bear no golden fleece from Spain,
To patch a *Joseph* of my own.

Yet honour and the liberal arts
To Fashion's dome my steps invite;
And when the God of Day departs,
I kiss the Muse by Diana's light.

Through life's low vale I take my way,
From wealthy friends no wealth I borrow,
Content to see the passing day
So used as not to mar the morrow.

Whilst Avarice counts his bags of gold,
And Mammon's dome salutes the sight,
New moons succeed the waning old,
Day urges day with ceaseless flight.

See towering o'er *Threadneedle Street*
A mausoleum, rais'd by Soane,
Where dutiful directors meet,
Thy loss, dead bullion, to bemoan.

The mansion swells behind, before,
Old *Lothbury* laments in vain:
The *saint* who lost his skin of yore,
Now mourns the loss of half his lane.

Oh! say what means this deafening din,
A thousand Babel voices shout;
Bears leagued with bulls rush roaring in,
And limping lame ducks waddle out.

Hence speculation upward springs,
Nor heeds the law that rules the ball,
Who mounts aloft on paper wings,
But mounts, like Icarus, to fall.

Earth labours with a motley freight,
From Gallia's king to Afric's slave;
But in the end impartial fate
Bestows on all an equal grave.

To bear poor souls to Pluto's tribe,
One doit is Charon's modest gain,—
Ten thousand pounds will never bribe
The rogue to row us back again!

In earth our splendour to enshrine,
Like sightless moles, we downward t
For this, pale Avarice digs the mine,
And ruddy Labour ploughs the soil

Ye who in mausoleums lie,
Where now is all your golden store?
Where now—but, if you won't reply,
'Twere waste of words to ask you more.

ODE XIX.

COBBETT.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

WHERE halts the Richmond coach to bait,
With ears erect and mouths dilate,
(Believe it future ages)
I saw the Naiads quit the Thames,
Fishers their nets, and boys their games,
To dive in Cobbett's pages.

Cobbett, huzza! I burn! I rave!
Laws, locks, and Lincoln gaol I brave;
Spare, Anarch lov'd yet dreaded,
The bard who hails you tumult's god,
And lauds your pen, like Hermes' rod,
Gall-tipp'd and serpent-headed.

With yours, his own, and Horne Tooke's tongues,
The Baronet's exhaustless lungs,
The dog of hell outwarble:
While you his Gorgon vipers wield,
Back on your master turn the shield,
And change his heart to marble.

The *cat o' nine tails* you abuse,
And billingsgate each classic muse;
Henceforth another cue get:
The assailant now the *Nine* assail,
Each muse contributing a *tail*,
To whip you into Newgate.

When Jacobins, in reason's trance,
Ruled, mob on mob, devoted France,
Reacting on reaction;
You baffled, tooth and nail for law,
And hid, beneath the lion's paw,
The cloven foot of faction.

Hail, Botley Bifrons! sinuous eel!
How shall the Muse your course reveal?
In what Pindarics word it?
Round like a weathercock you flit,
As interest veers, now puffing Pitt,
And now inflating Burdett.

E'en Windham, chivalrous no more,
In your hot water dipp'd his oar,
And let your torrent turn him;
He hymn'd your worth, your virtues sung,
And lick'd, with metaphysic tongue,
The foot ordain'd to spurn him.

ODE XX.

THE LYRICAL LACKEY.

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar.

STAND clear! and let a poet fly:
On *this* wing lyric,
That satyric,
I'll mount, like Garnerin, the sky,
Nor mope in Grub Street garret:
Though lowly born, I'll fear discard,
My polish'd odes
To gay abodes
Shall bowl me, like a merry bard,
To sing and tipple claret.

Enroll'd among the black leg race,
A milk-white swan,
No longer man,
Aloft my airy course I trace,
And mount o'er London city—
On wings of foolscap, wire-wove, glaz'd,
Thro' margin wide,
Serene I glide,
Whilst long-ear'd citizens amazed,
Cry "bravo" at my ditty.

Trotting thro' Pindus' flow'ry path,
In waltzes, reels,
I'll shake my heels,
I'll dip at Brighton, sip at Bath,
And doff my suit of sables—
Tall Tully of a Spouting Club,
I'll mimic Pitt
In all but wit,
And cut the *Diogenic* tub,
For *Alexandrine* tables.

Tho' all the while my proper self
Is snug at home,
My pen shall roam
A modish tour in quest of pelf,
And scorning critic cavils,
I'll visit Egypt, Florence, Greece,
And then return,
Thro' Basle and Berne,
The London Booksellers to fleece,
And sell John Bull my travels.

Of epics, I'll compose a *few*;
The vile reviews,
I'll ne'er peruse;
I'll edit bards I never knew:
I'll snap at all commissions:
Like Harlequin, tho' far more plump,
My tricks I'll play,
Then hey! away!
Bounce at a single leap, I'll jump
Thro' half a score editions!

END OF VOL. I.

James Smith & Co.

REJECTED ADDRESSES:

OR

THE NEW

THEATRUM POETARUM.

Smith, James

"Fired that the House reject him—'Sdeath, I'll *print* it,
"And shame the Fools!" Pope.

Ninth Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN; AND JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO., EDINBURGH.

1813.

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PREFACE.

On the 14th of August, 1812, the following advertisement appeared in most of the daily papers:

"*Rebuilding of Drury-Lane Theatre.*

"The Committee are desirous of promoting a free and fair competition for an Address to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next. They have therefore thought fit to announce to the public, that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their Secretary, at the Treasury-Office, in Drury Lane, on or before the 10th of September, sealed up, with a distinguishing word,

number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper containing the name of the author, which will not be opened, unless containing the name of the successful candidate."

Upon the propriety of this plan, men's minds were, as they usually are upon matters of moment, much divided. Some thought it a fair promise of the future intention of the Committee to abolish that phalanx of authors who usurp the stage, to the exclusion of a large assortment of dramatic talent blushing unseen in the back-ground; while others contended, that the scheme would prevent men of real eminence from descending into an amphitheatre in which all Grub Street (that is to say, all London and Westminster) would be arrayed against them. The event has proved both parties to be in a degree right, and in a degree wrong. One hundred and twelve addresses have been sent in, each sealed and signed, and mottoed, "as per order," some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of no talent.

Many of the public prints have censured the taste of the Committee, in thus contracting for Addresses as they would for nails—by the gross; but it is surprising that none should have censured their *temerity*. One hundred and eleven of the Addresses must, of course, be unsuccessful: to each of the authors, thus infallibly classed with the *genus irritabile*, it would be very hard to deny six staunch friends, who consider his the best of all possible addresses, and whose tongues will be as ready to land him, as to hiss his adversary. These, with the potent aid of the bard himself, make seven foes per address, and thus will be created seven hundred and seventy-seven implacable auditors, prepared to condemn the strains of Apollo himself; a band of adversaries which no prudent manager would think of exasperating.

But leaving the Committee to encounter the responsibility they have incurred, the public have at least to thank them for ascertaining and establishing one point, which might other-

wise have admitted of controversy. When it is considered that many amateur writers have been discouraged from becoming competitors, and that few, if any, of the professional authors can afford to write for nothing, and of course have not been candidates for the honorary prize at Drury-Lane, we may confidently pronounce, that, as far as regards *number*, the present is undoubtedly the Augustan age of English poetry. Whether or not this distinction will be extended to the *quality* of its productions, must be decided at the tribunal of posterity, though the natural anxiety of our authors on this score ought to be considerably diminished, when they reflect how few will, in all probability, be had up for judgment.

It is not necessary for the Editor to mention the manner in which he became possessed of this "fair sample of the present state of poetry in Great Britain." It was his first intention to publish the whole, but a little reflection convinced him that, by so doing, he might depress the good, without elevating the bad. He has therefore culled what had the

appearance of flowers, from what possessed the reality of weeds, and is extremely sorry that, in so doing, he has diminished his collection to twenty-one. Those which he has rejected may possibly make their appearance in a separate volume, or they may be admitted as volunteers in the files of some of the newspapers; or, at all events, they are sure of being received among the awkward squad of the Magazines. In general, they bear a close resemblance to each other:—thirty of them contain extravagant compliments to the immortal Wellington, and the indefatigable Whitbread, and, as the last-mentioned gentleman is said to dislike praise in the exact proportion in which he deserves it, these laudatory writers have probably been only building a wall, against which they might run their own heads.

The editor here begs leave to advance a few words in behalf of that useful and much abused bird the Phœnix, and in so doing he is biased by no partiality, as he assures the reader he

not only never saw one, but (*mirabile dictu!*) never caged one in a simile in the whole course of his life. No less than sixty-nine of the competitors have invoked the aid of this native of Arabia; but as from their manner of using him, after they had caught him, he does not by any means appear to have been a native of Arabia *Felix*, the editor has left the proprietors to treat with Mr Polito, and refused to receive this *rara avis*, or black swan, into the present collection. One exception occurs, in which the admirable treatment of this feathered incombustible entitles the author to great praise:—that address has been preserved, and in the ensuing pages takes the lead, to which its dignity entitles it.

Perhaps the reason why several of the subjoined productions of the MUSÆ LONDINENSES, have failed of selection, may be discovered in their being penned in a metre unusual upon occasions of this sort, and in their not being written with that attention to

stage effect, the want of which, like want of manners in the concerns of life, is more prejudicial than a deficiency of talent. There is an art in writing for the Theatre, technically called *touch and go*, which is indispensible when we consider the small quantum of patience, which so motley an assemblage as a London audience can be expected to afford. All the contributors have been very exact in sending their initials and mottos. Those belonging to the present collection have been carefully preserved, and each has been affixed to its respective poem. The letters that accompanied the Addresses having been honourably destroyed unopened, it is impossible to state the real authors with any certainty, but the ingenious reader, after comparing the initials with the motto, and both with the poem, may form his own conclusions.

The Editor does not anticipate any disapprobation from thus giving publicity to a small portion of the REJECTED ADDRESSES; for, unless he is widely mistaken in assigning the

respective authors, the fame of each individual is established on much too firm a basis to be shaken by so trifling and evanescent a publication as the present:

——————neque ego illi detrahere ausim
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.

Of the numerous pieces already sent to the Committee for performance, he has only availed himself of three vocal Travesties, which he has selected, not for their merit, but simply for their brevity. Above one hundred spectacles, melo-dramas, operas, and pantomimes have been transmitted, besides the two first acts of one legitimate comedy. Some of these evince considerable smartness of manual dialogue, and several brilliant repartees of chairs, tables, and other inanimate wits; but the authors seem to have forgotten that in the new Drury-Lane, the audience can hear as well as see. Of late our theatres have been so constructed, that John Bull has been compelled to have very long ears, or none at all; to keep them dangling about his skull like

discarded servants, while his eyes were gazing at pieballs and elephants, or else to stretch them out to an asinine length to catch the congenial sound of braying trumpets. An auricular revolution is, we trust, about to take place, and as many people have been much puzzled to define the meaning of the new æra, of which we have heard so much, we venture to pronounce, that as far as regards Drury-Lane Theatre, the new æra means the reign of ears. If the past affords any pledge for the future, we may confidently expect from the Committee of that House, every thing that can be accomplished by the union of taste and assiduity.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

LOYAL EFFUSION.

By W. T. F.

Quicquid dicunt, laudo: id rursum si negant
Laudo id quoque. TERENCE.

HAIL glorious edifice, stupendous work!
God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!
Ye Muses! by whose aid I cried down Fox,
Grant me in Drury-Lane a private box,
Where I may loll, cry Bravo, and profess
The boundless powers of England's glorious press;
While Afric's sons exclaim, from shore to shore,
"Quashee ma boo!" the slave-trade is no more.
In fair Arabia, (happy once, now stony,
Since ruined by that arch apostate, Boney,)

A phœnix late was caught: the Arab host
Long ponder'd, part would boil it, part would roast:
But while they ponder up the pot lid flies,
Fledged, beak'd, and claw'd, alive, they see him rise
To heaven, and caw defiance in the skies.
So Drury, first in roasting flames consumed,
Then by old renters to hot water doom'd,
By Wyatt's trowel patted, plump and sleek,
Soars without wings, and caws without a beak.
Gallia's stern despot shall in vain advance
From Paris, the metropolis of France;
By this day month the monster shall not gain
A foot of land in Portugal or Spain.
See Wellington in Salamanca's field
Forces his favourite general to yield,
Breaks thro' his lines, and leaves his boasted Marmont
Expiring on the plain without his arm on:
Madrid he enters at the cannon's mouth,
And then the villages still further south.
Base Buonapartè, fill'd with deadly ire,
Sets, one by one, our playhouses on fire:
Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon;

Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
Next at Millbank he crossed the river Thames:
Thy hatch, O Halfpenny! pass'd in a trice,
Boil'd some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's twice;
Then buzzing on thro' æther, with a vile hum,
Turn'd to the left hand, fronting the Asylum,
And burnt the Royal Circus in a hurry,—
('Twas call'd the Circus then, but now the Surry.)
Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent-Garden and of Drury-Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York,)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Who thought in flames St James's court to pinch?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch?
Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
"The tree of freedom is the British oak."
Bless every man possessed of aught to give;
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live;

God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet,
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte,
God bless the guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
God bless their pig-tails, tho' they're now cut off;
And oh, in Downing-Street should old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil!

THE BABY's DEBUT.

By W. W.

Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate,
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish hath the better plea;
Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee.

CUMBERLAND.

[*Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise, by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.*]

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on new-year's-day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa, (he's my papa and Jack's,)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, Oh, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake!
"Thus to distress your aunt:
"No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shant!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam:)
So what does he, but takes, and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick,
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good,
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound;
And there's a row of lamps! my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr Thing-
umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, Go on, my pretty love,
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night;
Then why not Nancy Lake?

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod, I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows kiss, and exit.*

AN ADDRESS

WITHOUT A PHŒNIX.

By S. T. P.

This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd.
WHAT YOU WILL.

WHAT stately vision mocks my waking sense?
Hence, dear delusion, sweet enchantment, hence!
Ha! is it real?—can my doubts be vain?
It is, it is, and Drury lives again!
Around each grateful veteran attends,
Eager to rush and gratulate his friends,
Friends whose kind looks, retraced with proud delight,
Endear the past, and make the future bright.
Yes, generous patrons, your returning smile
Blesses our toils, and consecrates our pile.

When last we met, Fate's unrelenting hand
Already grasp'd the devastating brand;
Slow crept the silent flame, ensnar'd its prize,
Then burst resistless to the astonish'd skies.
The glowing walls, disrobed of scenic pride,
In trembling conflict stemm'd the burning tide,
Till crackling, blazing, rocking to its fall,
Down rush'd the thundering roof and buried all!

Where late the sister Muses sweetly sung,
And raptur'd thousands on their music hung,
Where Wit and Wisdom shone by Beauty graced,
Sate lonely Silence, empress of the waste;
And still had reign'd—but he whose voice can raise
More magic wonders than Amphion's lays,
Bade jarring bands with friendly zeal engage,
To rear the prostrate glories of the stage.
Up leap'd the Muses at the potent spell,
And Drury's genius saw his temple swell,
Worthy, we hope, the British Drama's cause,
Worthy of British arts, and *your* applause.

Guided by you, our earnest aims presume
To renovate the Drama with the dome;

The scenes of Shakespeare and our bards of old,
With due observance splendidly unfold,
Yet raise and foster with parental hand
The living talent of our native land.
O! may we still, to sense and nature true,
Delight the many, nor offend the few.
Tho' varying tastes our changeful drama claim,
Still be its moral tendency the same,
To win by precept, by example warn,
To brand the front of Vice with pointed scorn,
And Virtue's smiling brows with votive wreaths adorn.

CUI BONO?

By Lord B.

I.

Sated with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

II.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way,
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb,
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

III.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief,
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

IV.

Albeit how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that daunceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e,
His life a flash, his memory a dream.
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream;
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where nought is certain, save th' uncertainty of fate!

V.

This goodly pile, upheav'd by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,
Again red Lemnos' artizan may spoil;
The fire alarm, and midnight drum may beat,
And all be strew'd ysmoking at your feet.
Start ye? Perchance Death's angel may be sent
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat,
And ye who met on revel idlesse bent
May find in pleasure's fane your grave and monument.

VI.

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in deeper waste,
The tradesman calls—no warning voice ye hear;
The plaintiff sues—to public shews ye haste;
The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear;
Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of truth.

VII.

To thee, blest saint! who doff'd thy skin to make
The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs with joy,
We dedicate the pile—arise! awake!—
Knock down the muses, wit and sense destroy,
Clear our new stage from reason's dull alloy,
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering youth
With cleaver, marrow bone, and Tunbridge toy;
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make her boards a booth.

VIII.

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steep'd in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl.
Shakespear, how true thine adage, "fair is foul;"
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.

IX.

Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black,
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempe's grove,
But pacing Grub-street on a jaded hack,
What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce in rags the rags ye blot in song.

X.

So fares the follower in the Muses' train,
He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
We slight him till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland wreathe,
And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe—
Oh! with what tragic horror would he start,
(Could he be conjur'd from the grave beneath)
To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
And elephants and colts down trample Shakespear's art.

XI.

Hence, pedant Nature! with thy Grecian rules,
Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface;
Back, sister muses, to your native schools;
Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace;
The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit;
Man yields the drama to the Houynim race,
His prompter spurs, his licencer the bit,
The stage a stable-yard, a jockey club the pit.

XII.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode?
Is it for these your superstition seeks
To build a temple worthy of a god,
To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks?
Then be the stage, to recompence your freaks,
A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
Where Punch, the lignum vitæ Roscius, squeaks,
And Wisdom weeps, and Folly plays his pranks,
And moody Madness laughs, and hugs the chain he clanks.

To the Secretary of the Managing Committee of Drury Lane Playhouse.

SIR,

To the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme*, (invented by the monks to enslave the people,) I have a rooted objection. I have therefore written an address for your theatre in plain, homespun, yeoman's *prose*; in the doing whereof I hope I am swayed by nothing but an *independent* wish to open the eyes of this gulled people, to prevent a repetition of the dramatic *bamboozling* they have hitherto laboured under. If you like what I have done, and mean to make use of it, I don't want any such *aristocratic* reward as a piece of plate with two griffins sprawling upon it, or a *dog* and a *jackass* fighting for a ha'p'orth of *gilt gingerbread*, or any such Bartholomew Fair nonsense. All I ask is, that the doorkeepers of your playhouse may take all the *sets of my Register*, now on hand, and *force* every body

who enters your doors to buy one, giving afterwards a debtor and creditor account of what they have received, *post-paid*, and in due course remitting me the money and unsold Registers, *carriage-paid*.

I am, &c.

W. C.

IN THE CHARACTER OF

A HAMPSHIRE FARMER.

———Rabida qui concitus irâ
Implevit pariter ternis latratibus auras
Et sparsit virides spumis albentibus agros.

OVID.

Most thinking People,

WHEN persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, your servant." If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough,

and *brute beast* enough, to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are *not* Ladies and Gentlemen, but I hope something better, that is to say, honest men and women; and in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies, and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, *nor ever will be*, your humble servant. You see me here, *most thinking people*, by mere chance. I have not been within the doors of a playhouse before for these ten years, nor till that abominable custom of taking money at the doors is discontinued, will I ever sanction a theatre with my presence. The stage door is the only gate of *freedom* in the whole edifice, and through that I made my way from Bagshaw's in Brydges Street, to accost you. Look about you.—Are you not all comfortable? Nay, never slink, mun; speak out, if you are dissatisfied, and tell me so before I leave town. You are now, (thanks to *Mr Whitbread,*) got into a large, comfortable house. Not into a *gimcrack palace;* not into a *Solomon's temple;* not into a frost-work of Brobdignag filagree; but into a plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, *brown, brick playhouse.* You have been struggling for independence and elbow-room these three years; and who

gave it you? Who helped you out of Lilliput? Who routed you from a rat-hole, five inches by four, to perch you in a palace? Again and again I answer, *Mr Whitbread.* You might have sweltered in that place with the Greek name till Doomsday, and neither *Lord Castlereagh*, *Mr Canning*, no, nor the *Marquis Wellesley*, would have turned a trowel to help you out! Remember that. Never forget that. Read it to your children, and to your children's children! And now, *most thinking people*, cast your eyes over my head to what the builder, (I beg his pardon, the architect,) calls the *proscenium*. No motto, no slang, no popish Latin to keep the people in the dark. No *Veluti in Speculum*. Nothing in the dead languages, properly so called, for they ought to die, aye, and be *damned* to boot! The Covent Garden Manager tried that, and a pretty business he made of it! When a man says *Veluti in speculum*, he is called a man of letters. Very well, and is not a man who cries O. P. a man of letters too? You ran your O. P. against his *Veluti in speculum*, and pray which beat? I prophesied that, though I never told any body. I take it for granted, that every intelligent man, woman, and child, to whom I address myself, has stood severally and respectively

in Little Russel Street, and cast their, his, her, and its eyes on the outside of this building before they paid their money to view the inside. Look at the brick work, *English Audience!* Look at the brick work! All plain and smooth like a quakers' meeting. None of your Egyptian pyramids, to entomb subscribers' capitals. No overgrown colonades of stone, like an alderman's gouty legs in white cotton stockings, fit only to use as rammers for paving Tottenham Court Road. This house is neither after the model of a temple in Athens, no, nor a *temple* in *Moorfields*, but it is built to act English plays in, and provided you have good scenery, dresses, and decorations, I dare say you wouldn't break your hearts if the outside were as plain as the pikestaff I used to carry when I was a serjeant. *Apropos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats,—*apropos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of, Kemble and Mrs Siddons in Macbeth, with more gold and silver plaistered on their doublets, than would have kept an honest family in butchers' meat and flannel from year's end to year's end! I am informed, now mind, I do not vouch for the fact, but I am informed that all such extravagant idleness is to be done away with

here. Lady Macbeth is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob cap*, (as the court parasites call it;—it will be well for them if, one of these days, they don't wear a mob cap—I mean a *white cap*, with a *mob* to look at them;) and Macbeth is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat, and a pair of black calamanco breeches. Not *Sal*amanca; no, nor *Talavera* neither, my most Noble Marquis, but plain, honest, black calamanco, stuff breeches. This is right; this is as it should be. *Most thinking people*, I have heard you much abused. There is not a compound in the language but is strung fifty in a rope, like onions, by the Morning Post, and hurled in your teeth. You are called the mob, and when they have made you out to be the mob, you are called the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth,—not *cheap soup*, *Mr Wilberforce*, not soup for the poor at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horse's legs, brick dust, and old shoes was denominated, but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth; take this, examine it, and you will find——mind, I don't vouch for the fact, but I am told you will find the dregs at the bottom, and the scum at the top. I will endeavour to explain

this to you: England is a large *earthen-ware pipkin*. John Bull is the *beef* thrown into it. Taxes are the *hot water* he boils in. Rotten boroughs are the *fuel* that blazes under this same pipkin. Parliament is the *ladle* that stirs the hodge-podge, and sometimes ——but hold, I don't wish to pay *Mr Newman* a second visit. I leave you better off than you have been this many a day. You have a good house over your head; you have beat the French in Spain; the harvest has turned out well; the comet keeps its distance; and red slippers are hawked about in Constantinople for next to nothing, and for all this, *again and again* I tell you, you are indebted to *Mr Whitbread!!!*

THE LIVING LUSTRES.

By T. M.

Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quiescere.
SIR T. MORE.

1.

O WHY should our dull retrospective addresses
Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury-Lane fire?
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,
And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire!

2.

Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,
The richest to me is when woman is there;
The question of houses I leave to the jury;
The fairest to me is the house of the fair.

3.

When woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,
And gilds while it carves her dear form on the heart,
What need has New Drury of carvers and gilders,
With Nature so bounteous, why call upon Art?

4.

How well would our actors attend to their duties,
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young beauties
Glanced light from their eyes between us and the pit.

5.

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
By woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in Theatre, Senate, or College;
I mean the love apples that bloom in the eyes.

6.

There too is the lash which all statutes controlling,
Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair,
For man is the pupil, who, while her eye's rolling,
Is lifted to rapture or sunk in despair.

7.

Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate blushes
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile;
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle.

8.

For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Tho' joyous are sober, tho' peaceful are brave.

9.

The shamrock their olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows;
Their sprig of shillelagh is nothing but laurel,
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows.

10.

Oh! soon shall they burst the tyrannical shackles,
Which each panting bosom indignantly names,
Until not one goose at the capital cackles,
Against the grand question of catholick claims.

11.

And then shall each Paddy, who once on the Liffy
Perchance held the helm of some mackarel hoy,
Hold the helm of the state, and dispense in a jiffy
More fishes than ever he caught when a boy.

12.

And those who now quit their hods, shovels, and barrows,
In crowds to the bar of some ale-house to flock,
When bred to *our* bar shall be Gibbs's and Garrows,
Assume the silk gown and discard the smock-frock.

13.

For Erin surpasses the daughters of Neptune,
As Dian outshines each encircling star,
And the spheres of the Heavens could never have kept tune
Till set to the music of Erin-go-bra!

THE REBUILDING.

By R. S.

——— per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis. HORAT.

Spoken by a Glendoveer.

I AM a blessed Glendoveer;
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.

Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower-hill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose!
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls of Drury;
The tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread.

Master and 'prentice, serving man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Thro' stre ts and alleys pour'd,
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze.
Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney,
The mighty roast, the mighty stew
To see;
As if the dismal view
Were but to them a Brentford jubilee.

Vainly, all radiant Surya, sire of Phaeton,
(By Greeks called Apollo)
Hollow
Sounds from thy harp proceed;
Combustible as reed,
The tongue of Vulcan licks thy wooden legs:
From Drury's top, dissever'd from thy pegs,
Thou tumblest,
Humblest,
Where late thy bright effulgence shone on high:
While, by thy somerset excited, fly

Ten million,
Billion
Sparks from the pit, to gem the sable sky.

Now come the men of fire to quench the fires,
To Russel Street see Globe and Atlas run,
Hope gallops first, and second Sun;
On flying heel,
See Hand-in-Hand
O'ertake the band;
View with what glowing wheel
He nicks
Phœnix;
While Albion scampers from Bridge Street, Blackfriars,
Drury-Lane! Drury-Lane!
Drury-Lane! Drury-Lane!
They shout and they bellow again and again.
All, all in vain!
Water turns steam;
Each blazing beam
Hisses defiance to the eddying spout;
It seems but too plain that nothing can put it out;
Drury-Lane! Drury-Lane!
See, Drury-Lane expires!

Pent in by smoke-dried beams, twelve moons or more,
Shorn of his ray,
Surya in durance lay:
The workmen heard him shout,
But thought it would not pay
To dig him out.
When lo! terrific Yamen, lord of hell,
Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Sworn foe to witticism,
By men called criticism,
Came passing by that way:
Rise! cried the fiend, behold a sight of gladness,
Behold the rival theatre,
I've set O. P. at her,
Who, like a bull-dog bold,
Growls and fastens on his hold;
The many-headed rabble roar in madness:
Thy rival staggers; come and spy her
Deep in the mud as thou art in the mire.

So saying, in his arms he caught the beaming one,
And crossing Russel Street,
He placed him on his feet,
'Neath Covent-Garden dome. Sudden a sound

As of the bricklayers of Babel rose:
Horns, rattles, drums, tin trumpets, sheets of copper,
Punches and slaps, thwacks of all sorts and sizes,
From the knobb'd bludgeon to the taper switch,
Ran echoing round the walls; paper placards
Blotted the lamps, boots brown with mud the benches:
A sea of heads roll'd roaring in the pit;
On paper wings O. P.'s
Reclined in letter'd ease;
While shout and scoff,
Ya! ya! off! off!
Like thunderbolt on Surya's eardrum fell,
And seem'd to paint
The savage oddities of Saint
Bartholomew in hell.

Tears dimm'd the god of light;
Bear me back, Yamen, from this hideous sight,
Bear me back, Yamen, I grow sick,
Oh! bury me again in brick;
Shall I on New Drury tremble,
To be O. P.'d like Kemble?
No,
Better remain by rubbish guarded,
Than thus hubbubish groan placarded;

Bear me back, Yamen, bear me quick,
And bury me again in brick.
Obedient Yamen
Answer'd, Amen,
And did
As he was bid.

There lay the buried god, and Time
Seem'd to decree eternity of lime;
But pity, like a dew-drop, gently prest
Almighty Veeshnoo's adamantine breast:
He, the preserver, ardent still
To do whate'er he says he will,
From South-hill urged his way,
To raise the drooping lord of day.
All earthly spells the busy one o'erpower'd;
He treats with men of all conditions,
Poets and players, tradesmen, and musicians;
Nay, even ventures
To attack the renters,
Old and new:
A list he gets
Of claims and debts,
And deems nought done while aught remains to do.

Yamen beheld and wither'd at the sight;
Long had he aim'd the sun-beam to controul,
For light was hateful to his soul:
Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spite,
Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spleen,
Thy toils of the morning, like Ithaca's queen,
I'll toil to undo every night.

Ye sons of song, rejoice!
Veeshnoo has still'd the jarring elements,
The spheres hymn music;
Again the god of day
Peeps forth with trembling ray,
And pours at intervals a strain divine.
I have an iron yet in the fire, cried Yamen;
The vollied flame rides in my breath,
My blast is elemental death;
This hand shall tear their paper bonds to pieces:
Ingross your deeds, assignments, leases,
My breath shall every line erase
Soon as I blow the blaze.

The lawyers are met at the Crown and Anchor,
And Yamen's visage grows blanker and blanker.

The lawyers are met at the Anchor and Crown,
And Yamen's cheek is a russety brown.
Veeshnoo, now thy work proceeds;
The solicitor reads,
And, merit of merit!
Red wax and green ferret
Are fix'd at the foot of the deeds!

Yamen beheld and shiver'd;
His finger and thumb were cramped;
His ear by the flea in't was bitten,
When he saw by the lawyer's clerk written,
Seal'd and deliver'd,
Being first duly stamped.

Now for my turn, the demon cries, and blows
A blast of sulphur from his mouth and nose;
Ah! bootless aim! the critic fiend,
Sagacious Yamen, judge of hell,
Is judged in his turn;
Parchment won't burn!
His schemes of vengeance are dissolv'd in air,
Parchment won't tear!!

Is it not written in the Himakoot book,
(That mighty Baly from Kehama took)
"Who blows on pounce
"Must the Swerga renounce?"
It is! it is! Yamen, thine hour is nigh;
Like as an eagle claws an asp,
Veeshnoo has caught him in his mighty grasp,
And hurl'd him, in spite of his shrieks and his squalls,
Whizzing aloft like the Temple fountain,
Three times as high as Meru mountain,
Which is
Ninety-nine times as high as St Paul's.
Descending, he twisted like Levi the Jew,
Who a durable grave meant
To dig in the pavement
Of Monument-yard;
To earth by the laws of attraction he flew,
And he fell, and he fell,
To the regions of hell;
Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,
And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety nock,
Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.

Now Veeshnoo turn'd round to a capering varlet,
Array'd in blue and white and scarlet,

And cried, Oh! brown of slipper as of hat,
Lend me, Harlequin, thy bat:
He seiz'd the wooden sword, and smote the earth,
When lo! upstarting into birth,
A fabric, gorgeous to behold,
Outshone in elegance the old,
And Veeshnoo saw, and cried, Hail, playhouse mine!
Then, bending his head, to Surya he said,
Go mount yon edifice,
And shew thy steady face
In renovated pride,
More bright, more glorious than before!
But ah! coy Surya still felt a twinge,
Still smarted from his former singe,
And to Veeshnoo replied,
In a tone rather gruff,
No, thank you! one tumble's enough!

DRURY'S DIRGE.

By LAURA MATILDA.

You praise our sires: but though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse:
We want their *strength*, agreed; but we atone
For that and more, by *sweetness* all our own.

GIFFORD.

1.

BALMY Zephyrs lightly flitting,
Shade me with your azure wing;
On Parnassus' summit sitting
Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

2.

Softly slept the dome of Drury,
O'er the empyreal crest,
When Alecto's sister-fury,
Softly slumb'ring sunk to rest.

3

Lo! from Lemnos limping lamely,
Lags the lowly Lord of Fire,
Cytherea yielding tamely,
To the Cyclops dark and dire.

4.

Clouds of amber, dreams of gladness,
Dulcet joys and sports of youth,
Soon must yield to haughty sadness,
Mercy holds the veil to Truth.

5.

See Erostratus the second,
Fires again Diana's fane;
By the Fates from Orcus beckon'd,
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

6

Lurid smoke and frank suspicion,
Hand in hand reluctant dance:
While the God fulfils his mission,
Chivalry resign thy lance.

7.

Hark! the engines blandly thunder,
Fleecy clouds dishevelled lie,
And the firemen, mute with wonder,
On the son of Saturn cry.

8.

See the bird of Ammon sailing,
Perches on the engine's peak,
And the Eagle firemen hailing,
Sooths them with its bickering beak.

9

Juno saw, and mad with malice,
Lost the prize that Paris gave;
Jealousy's ensanguin'd chalice,
Mantling pours the orient wave.

10

Pan beheld Patroclus dying,
Nox to Niobe was turn'd;
From Busiris Bacchus flying,
Saw his Semele inurn'd.

11

Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
Levell'd with the shuddering stones;
Mars with tresses black and gory,
Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

12.

Hark! what soft Eolian numbers,
Gem the blushes of the morn;
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

13.

Ha! I hear the strain erratic,
Dimly glance from pole to pole,
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
Fire my everlasting soul.

14

Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of woe,
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

Blood in every vein is gushing,
 Vixen vengeance lulls my heart,
See, the Gorgon gang is rushing!
 Never, never let us part.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

By W. S.

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating as near as he could their very phrase.

DON QUIXOTE.

To be spoken by Mr Kemble in a Suit of the Black Prince's Armour, borrowed from the Tower.

SURVEY this shield all bossy bright;
These cuisses twain behold;
Look on my form in armour dight
Of steel inlaid with gold.
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.
These once belong'd to sable prince,
Who never did in battle wince;
With valour tart as pungent quince,
He slew the vaunting Gaul:

Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,
While from green curtain I advance
To yon foot lights, no trivial dance,
And tell the town what sad mischance
Did Drury Lane befal.

The Night.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast
A spangled light like dancing spray,
Then reassumed its still array:
When as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power,
That cot and castle, hall and bower,
And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appear'd to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St Paul,
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,
To Redriff, Shadwell, Horselydown,

No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep reposed.
They might have thought, who gazed around,
Amid a silence so profound,
It made the senses thrill,
That 'twas no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead,
All was so hush'd and still.

The Burning.

As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes:
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The Playhouse is in flames."
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,

And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
A bright ensanguin'd drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent-shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorne
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seem'd that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!

The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snoose,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson died,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd thro' the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang.

His name was Higginbottom; now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
The others came in view:
The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St Giles's Pound:
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,

And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo "heads below!"
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"

And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire,)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
"You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
"Why are you in such doleful dumps?
"A fireman and afraid of bumps!

"What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

The Revival.

Peace to his soul! new prospects bloom,
And toil rebuilds what fires consume!
Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,
"Joy to the managing committee."
Eat we and drink we, join to rum
Roast beef and pudding of the plum;
Forth from thy nook, John Horner, come,
With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,
For this is Drury's gay day:
Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,
And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,
Crisp parliament with lollypops,
And fingers of the Lady.

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane
Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,
And nimble workmen trod;
To realize bold Wyatt's plan
Rush'd many a howling Irishman,

Loud clatter'd many a porter can,
And many a ragamuffin clan,
With trowel and with hod.

Drury revives! her rounded pate
Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate;
She "wings the midway air" elate,
As magpie, crow, or chough;
White paint her modish visage smears,
Yellow and pointed are her ears,
No pendent portico appears
Dangling beneath, for Whitbread's shears
Have cut the bauble off.

Yes, she exalts her stately head,
And, but that solid bulk outspread,
Opposed you on your onward tread,
And posts and pillars warranted
That all was true that Wyatt said,
You might have deem'd her walls so thick,
Were not composed of stone or brick,
But all a phantom, all a trick,
Of brain disturb'd and fancy-sick
So high she soars, so vast, so quick,

JOHNSON'S GHOST.

Ghost of Dr JOHNSON *rises from trap door P. S. and Ghost of* BOSWELL *from trap door O. P. The latter bows respectfully to the House, and obsequiously to the Doctor's Ghost, and retires.*

Doctor's Ghost loquitur.

THAT which was organized by the moral ability of one, has been executed by the physical effort of many, and DRURY LANE THEATRE is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain, which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the committee. Truth, however, is not to be sacrificed for the accommodation of either, and he who should pronounce that our edifice has

received its final embellishment, would be disseminating falsehood without incurring favour, and risking the disgrace of detection without participating the advantage of success.

Professions lavishly effused and parsimoniously verified are alike inconsistent with the precepts of innate rectitude and the practice of external policy: let it not then be conjectured, that because we are unassuming, we are imbecile; that forbearance is any indication of despondency, or humility of demerit. He that is the most assured of success will make the fewest appeals to favour, and where nothing is claimed that is undue, nothing that is due will be withheld. A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Parturient mountains have ere now produced muscipular abortions, and the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with final vulgarity, is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople, who solemnly perambulate her streets, exclaiming, "In the name of the Prophet—figs!"

Of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others, the exertions are directed to the revival of mouldering and obscure dramas; to endeavours to exalt that which

is now rare only because it was always worthless, and whose deterioration, while it condemned it to living obscurity, by a strange obliquity of moral perception constitutes its title to posthumous renown. To embody the flying colours of folly, to arrest evanescence, to give to bubbles the globular consistency as well as form, to exhibit on the stage the pyebald denizen of the stable, and the half-reasoning parent of combs, to display the brisk loco-motion of Columbine, or the tortuous attitudenizing of Punch; these are the occupations of others, whose ambition, limited to the applause of unintellectual fatuity, is too innocuous for the application of satire, and too humble for the incitement of jealousy.

Our refectory will be found to contain every species of fruit, from the cooling nectarine and luscious peach, to the puny pippin and the noxious nut. There indolence may repose, and Inebriety revel; and the spruce apprentice, rushing in at second account, may there chatter with impunity, debarred by a barrier of brick and mortar from marring that scenic interest in others, which nature and education have disqualified him from comprehending himself.

Permanent stage doors we have none. That which

is permanent cannot be removed, for if removed it soon ceases to be permanent. What stationary absurdity can vie with that ligneous barricado, which, decorated with frappant and tintinabulant appendages, now serves as the entrance of the lowly cottage, and now as the exit of a lady's bed-chamber; at one time insinuating plastic Harlequin into a butcher's shop, and at another, yawning as a flood-gate to precipitate the Cyprians of St Giles's into the embraces of Macheath. To elude this glaring absurdity, to give to each respective mansion the door which the carpenter would doubtless have given, we vary our portal with the varying scene, passing from deal to mahogany, and from mahogany to oak, as the opposite claims of cottage, palace, or castle may appear to require.

Amid the general hum of gratulation which flatters us in front, it is fit that some regard should be paid to the murmurs of despondence that assail us in the rear. They, as I have elsewhere expressed it, "who live to please," should not have their own pleasures entirely overlooked. The children of Thespis are general in their censures of the architect in having placed the locality of exit at such a distance from the oily irradiators which now dazzle

the eyes of him who addresses you. I am, cries the Queen of Terrors, robbed of my fair proportions. When the king-killing thane hints to the breathless auditory the murders he means to perpetrate in the castle of Macduff "ere his purpose cool," so vast is the interval he has to travel before he can escape from the stage, that his purpose has even time to freeze. Your condition, cries the Muse of Smiles, is hard, but it is cygnet's down in comparison with mine. The peerless peer of capers and congees has laid it down as a rule, that the best good thing uttered by the morning visitor should conduct him rapidly to the door-way, last impressions vying in durability with first. But when on this boarded elongation it falls to my lot to say a good thing, to ejaculate "keep moving," or to chaunt "hic hoc horum genitivo," many are the moments that must elapse ere I can hide myself from public vision in the recesses of O. P. or P. S.

To objections like these, captiously urged, and querulously maintained, it is time that equity should conclusively reply. Deviation from scenic propriety has only to vituperate itself for the consequences it generates. Let the actor consider the line of exit as that line beyond which he should not soar in quest

of spurious applause; let him reflect that in proportion as he advances to the lamps, he recedes from nature; that the truncheon of Hotspur acquires no additional charm from encountering the cheek of beauty in the stage-box, and that the bravura of Mandane may produce effect, although the throat of her who warbles it should not overhang the orchestra. The Jove of the modern critical Olympus, Lord Mayor of the theatric sky, has, ex cathedrâ, asserted, that a natural actor looks upon the audience part of the theatre as the third side of the chamber he inhabits. Surely of the third wall thus fancifully erected, our actors should by ridicule or reason be withheld from knocking their heads against the stucco.

Time forcibly reminds me that all things which have a limit must be brought to a conclusion. Let me, ere that conclusion arrives, recal to your recollection, that the pillars which rise on either side of me, blooming in virid antiquity, like two massy evergreens, had yet slumbered in their native quarry, but for the ardent exertions of the individual who called them into life: to his never-slumbering talents you are indebted for whatever pleasure this haunt of the muses is calculated to afford. If, in defiance

of chaotic malevolence, the destroyer of the temple of Diana yet survives in the name of Erostratus, surely we may confidently predict, that the rebuilder of the temple of Apollo will stand recorded to distant posterity in that of—SAMUEL WHITBREAD.

THE
BEAUTIFUL INCENDIARY.

By the Hon. W. S.

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas. VIRGIL.

Scene draws, and discovers a Lady asleep on a couch. Enter PHILANDER.

PHILANDER.

1.

SOBRIETY, cease to be sober,
Cease, Labour, to dig and to delve,
All hail to this tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and twelve.
Hah! whom do my peepers remark?
'Tis Hebe with Jupiter's jug;
Oh no, 'tis the pride of the Park,
Fair Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

2.

Why, beautiful nymph, do you close
 The curtain that fringes your eye?
Why veil in the clouds of repose
 The sun that should brighten our sky?
Perhaps jealous Venus has oil'd
 Thy hair with some opiate drug,
Not chusing her charms should be foil'd
 By Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

3.

But ah! why awaken the blaze
 Those bright burning-glasses contain,
Whose lens with concentrated rays
 Proved fatal to old Drury Lane.
'Twas all accidental they cry,—
 Away with the flimsy humbug!
'Twas fired by a flash from the eye
 Of Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

4.

Thy glance can in us raise a flame,
 Then why should old Drury be free?
Our doom and its dome are the same,
 Both subject to beauty's decree.
No candles the workmen consum'd,
 When deep in the ruins they dug,
Thy flash still their progress illum'd,
 Sweet Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

5.

Thy face a rich fire-place displays;
 The mantle-piece marble—thy brows;
Thine eyes are the bright beaming blaze,
 Thy bib which no trespass allows,
The fender's tall barrier marks;
 Thy tippet's the fire-quelling rug,
Which serves to extinguish the sparks
 Of Lady Elizabeth Mugg.

6.

The Countess a lily appears,
Whose tresses the dew-drops emboss;
The Marchioness blooming in years,
A rose-bud envelop'd in moss;
But thou art the sweet passion flower,
For who would not slavery hug,
To pass but one exquisite hour
In the arms of Elizabeth Mugg?

7.

When at court, or some Dowager's rout,
Her diamond nigsette meets our view,
She looks like a glow-worm drest'd out,
Or tulips bespangled with dew.
Her two lips denied to man's suit,
Are shared with her favourite Pug;
What Lord would not change with the brute,
To live with Elizabeth Mugg?

8.

Could the stage be a large vis-a-vis,
Reserv'd for the polish'd and great,
Where each happy lover might see
The nymph he adores tete-a-tete;
No longer I'd gaze on the ground,
And the load of despondency lug,
For I'd book myself all the year round,
To ride with the sweet Lady Mugg.

9.

Yes, she in herself is a host,
And if she were here all alone,
Our house might nocturnally boast
A bumper of fashion and ton.
Again should it burst in a blaze,
In vain would they ply Congreve's plug,
For nought could extinguish the rays
From the glance of divine Lady Mugg.

10.

O could I as Harlequin frisk,
And thou be my Columbine fair,
My wand should with one magic whisk
Transport us to Hanover Square;
St George should lend us its shrine,
The parson his shoulders might shrug,
But a license should force him to join
My hand in the hand of my Mugg.

11.

Court-plaister the weapons should tip,
By Cupid shot down from above,
Which cut into spots for thy lip,
Should still barb the arrows of love.
The God who from others flies quick,
With us should be slow as a slug,
As close as a leech he should stick
To me and Elizabeth Mugg.

12.

For Time would, like us, 'stead of sand,
Put filings of steel in his glass,
To dry up the blots of his hand,
And spangle life's page as they pass.
Since all flesh is grass ere 'tis hay,
O may I in clover live snug,
And when old Time mows me away,
Be stack'd with defunct Lady Mugg.

You, Brandy-faced Moll, don't be looking askew,
When I talked of a Goddess I didn't mean you.
Tol de rol, &c.

6.

Our stage is so prettily fashion'd for viewing,
The whole house can see what the whole house is doing.
'Tis just like the Hustings, we kick up a bother,
But saying is one thing and doing's another.
Tol de rol, &c.

7.

We've many new houses, and some of 'em rum ones,
But the newest of all is the new House of Commons,
'Tis a rickety sort of a bantling I'm told,
It will die of old age when it's seven years old.
Tol de rol, &c.

8.

As I don't know on whom the election will fall,
I move in return for returning them all;
But for fear Mr Speaker my meaning should miss,
The house that I wish 'em to sit in is this.
Tol de rol, &c.

9.

Let us cheer our great Commoner, but for whose aid
We all should have gone with short commons to bed,
And since he has saved all the fat from the fire,
I move that the House be call'd Whitbread's Entire.
Tol de rol, &c.

ARCHITECTURAL ATOMS.

Translated by Dr B.

Lege, Dick, Lege! JOSEPH ANDREWS.

To be recited by the Translator's Son.

AWAY, fond dupes! who smit with sacred lore,
Mosaic dreams in Genesis explore,
Dote with Copernicus, or darkling stray
With Newton, Ptolomy, or Tycho Brahe:
To you I sing not, for I sing of truth,
Primæval systems, and creation's youth;
Such as of old, with magic wisdom fraught,
Inspired LUCRETIUS to the Latians taught.

I sing how casual bricks, in airy climb,
Encounter'd casual horse hair, casual lime

How rafters borne through wondering clouds elate,
Kiss'd in their slope blue elemental slate,
Clasp'd solid beams in chance-directed fury,
And gave to birth our renovated Drury.

Thee, son of Jove, whose sceptre was confessed,
Where fair Œolia springs from Tethys' breast:
Thence on Olympus 'mid Celestials placed,
God of the Winds, and Æther's boundless waste,
Thee I invoke! Oh, *puff* my bold design,
Prompt the bright thought, and swell the harmonious line;
Uphold my pinions, and my verse inspire
With Winsor's patent gas, or wind of fire,
In whose pure blaze thy embryo form enroll'd,
The dark enlightens, and enchafes the cold.

But while I court thy gifts, be mine to shun
The deprecated prize Ulysses won;
Who, sailing homeward from thy breezy shore,
The prison'd winds in skins of parchment bore:—
Speeds the fleet bark, till o'er the billowy green
The azure heights of Ithaca are seen;
But while with favouring gales her way she wins,
His curious comrades ope the mystic skins:

When lo! the rescued Winds, with boisterous sweep,
Roar to the clouds, and lash the rocking deep:
Heaves the smote vessel in the howling blast,
Splits the stretch'd sail, and cracks the tottering mast.
Launch'd on a plank, the buoyant hero rides
Where ebon Afric stems the sable tides,
While his duck'd comrades o'er the ocean fly,
And sleep not in the whole skins they untie.

So when to raise the wind some lawyer tries,
Mysterious skins of parchment meet our eyes.—
On speeds the smiling suit, "Pleas of our Lord
The King" shine jetty on the wide record:
Nods the prunella'd bar, attornies smile,
And syren jurors flatter to beguile;
Till stript—nonsuited—he is doom'd to toss
In legal shipwreck, and redeemless loss;
Lucky, if, like Ulysses, he can keep
His head above the waters of the deep.

Æolian Monarch! Emperor of Puffs!
We modern sailors dread not thy rebuffs;
See to thy golden shore promiscuous come
Quacks for the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb;

Fools are their bankers—a prolific line,
And every mortal malady's a mine.
Each sly Sangrado, with his poisonous pill,
Flies to the printer's devil with his bill,
Whose Midas touch can gild his asses ears,
And load a knave with folly's rich arrears.
And lo! a second miracle is thine,
For sloe-juiced water stands transform'd to wine.
Where Day and Martin's patent blacking roll'd,
Burst from the vase Pactolian streams of gold;
Laugh the sly wizzards glorying in their stealth,
Quit the black art, and loll in lazy wealth.
See Britain's Algerines, the Lottery fry,
Win annual tribute by the annual lie.—
Aided by thee—but whither do I stray?
Court, city, borough, own thy sovereign sway:
An age of puffs the age of gold succeeds,
And windy bubbles are the spawn it breeds.

If such thy power, O hear the Muse's prayer!
Swell thy loud lungs, and wave thy wings of air;
Spread, viewless giant, all thy arms of mist
Like windmill sails, to bring the poet grist;
As erst thy roaring son with eddying gale
Whirl'd Orithyia from her native vale—

So, while Lucretian wonders I rehearse,
Augusta's sons shall patronize my verse.

I sing of Atoms, whose creative brain,
With eddying impulse, built new Drury-Lane;
Not to the labours of subservient man,
To no young Wyatt appertains the plan;
We mortals stalk, like horses in a mill,
Impassive media of Atomic will;
Ye stare! then truth's broad talisman discern—
'Tis Demonstration speaks.—Attend and learn!

From floating elements in chaos hurl'd,
Self-form'd of atoms, sprang the infant world.
No great *first cause* inspired the happy plot,
But all was matter, and no matter what.
Atoms, attracted by some law occult,
Settling in spheres, the globe was the result;
Pure child of *Chance*, which still directs the ball,
As rotatory atoms rise or fall.
In æther launch'd, the peopled bubble floats,
A mass of particles and confluent motes,
So nicely pois'd, that if one atom flings
Its weight away, aloft the planet springs,

And wings its course thro' realms of boundless space,
Outstripping comets in eccentric race.
Add but one atom more, it sinks outright
Down to the realms of Tartarus and night.
What waters melt, or scorching fires consume,
In different forms their being reassume;
Hence can no change arise, except in name,
For weight and substance ever are the same.

Thus with the flames that from old Drury rise,
Its elements primæval sought the skies,
There, pendulous to wait the happy hour,
When new attractions should restore their power.
So in this procreant theatre elate,
Echoes unborn their future life await;
Here embryo sounds in æther lie conceal'd,
Like words in northern atmosphere congeal'd.
Here many a fœtus laugh and half encore
Clings to the roof, or creeps along the floor.
By puffs concipient some in æther flit,
And soar in bravos from the thundering pit;
Some forth on ticket nights from tradesmen break,
To mar the actor they design to make;
While some this mortal life abortive miss,
Crush'd by a groan, or strangled by a hiss.

So, when "dog's-meat" re-echoes through the streets,
Rush sympathetic dogs from their retreats,
Beam with bright blaze their supplicating eyes,
Sink their hind-legs, ascend their joyful cries;
Each, wild with hope, and maddening to prevail,
Points the pleased ear, and wags the expectant tail.

Ye fallen bricks! in Drury's fire calcined,
Since doom'd to slumber, couch'd upon the wind,
Sweet was the hour, when tempted by your freaks,
Congenial trowels smooth'd your yellow cheeks.
Float dulcet serenades upon the ear,
Bends every stem from its ruddy sphere,
Twinkles each eye, and, peeping from its veil,
Marks in the adverse crowd its destined male.
The oblong beauties clap their hands of grit,
And brickdust titterings on the breezes flit;
Then down they rush in amatory race,
Their dusty bridegrooms eager to embrace.
Some choose old lovers, some decide for new,
But each, when fix'd, is to her station true.
Thus various bricks are made as tastes invite,
The red, the grey, the dingy, or the white.

Perhaps some half-baked rover, frank and free,
To alien beauty bends the lawless knee,

But, of unhallow'd fascinations sick,
Soon quits his Cyprian for his married brick;
The Dido atom calls and scolds in vain,
No crisp Æneas soothes the widow's pain.

So in Cheapside, what time Aurora peeps,
A mingled noise of dustmen, milk, and sweeps,
Falls on the housemaid's ear; amazed she stands,
Then opes the door with cinder-sabled hands,
And "matches" calls. The dustman, bubbled flat,
Thinks 'tis for him, and doffs his fan-tail'd hat;
The milkman, whom her second cries assail,
With sudden sink, unyokes the clinking pail;
Now louder grown, by turns she screams and weeps;
Alas! her screaming only brings the sweeps.
Sweeps but put out—she wants to raise a flame,
And calls for matches, but 'tis still the same.
Atoms and housemaids! mark the moral true,
If once ye go astray, no *match* for you!

As atoms in one mass united mix,
So bricks attraction feel for kindred bricks;
Some in the cellar view, perchance, on high,
Fair chimney chums on beds of mortar lie;
Enamour'd of the sympathetic clod,
Leaps the red bridegroom to the labourer's hod,

And up the ladder bears the workman, taught
To think he bears the bricks—mistaken thought!
A proof behold—if near the top they find
The nymphs or broken corner'd, or unkind,
Back to the bottom, leaping with a bound,
They bear their bleeding carriers to the ground.

So, legends tell, along the lofty hill
Paced the twin heroes, gallant Jack and Jill;
On trudged the Gemini to reach the rail
That shields the well's top from the expectant pail,
When ah! Jack falls; and, rolling in the rear,
Jill feels the attraction of his kindred sphere;
Head over heels begins his toppling track,
Throws sympathetic somersets with Jack,
And at the mountain's base, bobbs plump against him, whack!

Ye living atoms, who unconscious sit,
Jumbled by chance in gallery, box, and pit,
For you no Peter opes the fabled door,
No churlish Charon plies the shadowy oar;—
Breathe but a space, and Boreas' casual sweep
Shall bear your scatter'd corses o'er the deep,
To gorge the greedy elements, and mix
With water, marl, and clay, and stones and sticks;

While, charged with fancied souls, sticks, stones, and
clay,
Shall take your seats, and hiss or clap the play.

O happy age! when convert Christians read
No sacred writings but the Pagan creed;
O happy age! when, spurning Newton's dreams,
Our poet's sons recite Lucretian themes,
Abjure the idle systems of their youth,
And turn again to atoms and to truth.
O happier still! when England's dauntless dames,
Awed by no chaste alarms, no latent shames,
The bard's fourth book unblushingly peruse,
And learn the rampant lessons of the stews!

All hail, Lucretius, renovated sage!
Unfold the modest mystics of thy page;
Return no more to thy sepulchral shelf,
But live, kind bard,—that I may live myself!

FIRE AND ALE.

By M. G. L.

Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum. VIRGIL.

My palate is parch'd with Pierian thirst,
Away to Parnassus I'm beckon'd;
List, warriors and dames, while my lay is rehears'd,
I sing of the singe of Miss Drury the first,
And the birth of Miss Drury the second.

The Fire King one day rather amorous felt;
He mounted his hot copper filley;
His breeches and boots were of tin, and the belt
Was made of cast iron, for fear it should melt
With the heat of the copper colt's belly.

Sure never was skin half so scalding as his!
When an infant, 'twas equally horrid,
For the water when he was baptized gave a fizz,
And bubbled and simmer'd and started off, whizz!
As soon as it sprinkled his forehead.

Oh! then there was glitter and fire in each eye,
For two living coals were the symbols;
His teeth were calcined, and his tongue was so dry,
It rattled against them as though you should try
To play the piano in thimbles.

From his nostrils a lava sulphureous flows,
Which scorches wherever it lingers,
A snivelling fellow he's call'd by his foes,
For he can't raise his paw up to blow his red nose,
For fear it should blister his fingers.

His wig is of flames curling over his head,
Well powder'd with white smoking ashes;
He drinks gunpowder tea, melted sugar of lead,
Cream of tartar, and dines on hot spice gingerbread,
Which black from the oven he gnashes.

Each fire nymph his kiss from her countenance shields,
'Twould soon set her cheekbone a-frying:
He spit in the tenter-ground near Spital-fields,
And the hole that it burnt and the chalk that it yields
Make a capital lime-kiln for drying.

When he open'd his mouth out there issued a blast,
(Nota bene, I do not mean swearing,)
But the noise that it made and the heat that it cast,
I've heard it from those who have seen it, surpass'd
A shot manufactory flaring.

He blaz'd and he blaz'd as he gallop'd to snatch
His bride, little dreaming of danger;
His whip was a torch, and his spur was a match,
And over the horse's left eye was a patch,
To keep it from burning the manger.

And who is the house-maid he means to enthral
In his cinder-producing alliance?
'Tis Drury-Lane Playhouse, so wide, and so tall,
Who, like other combustible ladies, must fall,
If she cannot set sparks at defiance.

On his warming-pan knee-pan he clattering roll'd,
And the housemaid his hand would have taken,
But his hand, like his passion, was too hot to hold,
And she soon let it go, but her new ring of gold
All melted, like butter or bacon!

Oh! then she look'd sour, and indeed well she might,
For Vinegar Yard was before her,
But, spite of her shrieks, the ignipotent knight,
Enrobing the maid in a flame of gas light,
To the skies in a sky-rocket bore her.

Look! look! 'tis the Ale King, so stately and starch,
Whose votaries scorn to be sober;
He pops from his vat, like a cedar or larch;
Brown-stout is his doublet, he hops in his march,
And froths at the mouth in October.

His spear is a spigot, his shield is a bung;
He taps where the housemaid no more is,
When lo! at his magical bidding, upsprung
A second Miss Drury, tall, tidy, and young,
And sported *in loco sororis*.

Back, lurid in air, for a second regale,
The Cinder King, hot with desire,
To Brydges Street hied; but the Monarch of Ale,
With uplifted spigot and faucet, and pail,
Thus chided the Monarch of Fire:

"Vile tyrant, beware of the ferment I brew,
"I rule the roast here, dash the wig o' me!
"If, spite of your marriage with Old Drury, you
"Come here with your tinderbox, courting the New,
"I'll have you indicted for bigamy!"

PLAYHOUSE MUSINGS.

By S. T. C.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque si male cesserat, unquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene.

HORAT.

My pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware,
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad! and you are sad, my Public!

Joy should be yours: this tenth day of October
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks
That hid our ruins; many a day I cried,
Ah me! I fear they never will rebuild it!
Till on one eve, one joyful Monday eve,
As along Charles-Street I prepar'd to walk,

Just at the corner, by the pastry cook's,
I heard a trowel tick against a brick.
I look'd me up, and strait a parapet
Uprose at least seven inches o'er the planks.
Joy to thee, Drury! to myself I said:
He of Blackfriars Road who hymn'd thy downfal
In loud Hosannahs, and who prophesied
That flames, like those from prostrate Solyma,
Would scorch the hand that ventur'd to rebuild thee,
Has proved a lying prophet. From that hour,
As leisure offer'd, close to Mr Spring's
Box-office door, I've stood and eye'd the builders.
They had a plan to render less their labours;
Workmen in elder times would mount a ladder
With hodded heads, but these stretch'd forth a pole
From the wall's pinnacle, they placed a pulley
Athwart the pole, a rope athwart the pulley;
To this a basket dangled; mortar and bricks
Thus freighted, swung securely to the top,
And in the empty basket workmen twain
Precipitate, unhurt, accosted earth.

Oh! 'twas a goodly sound to hear the people
Who watch'd the work, express their various
thoughts!

While some believ'd it never would be finish'd,
Some on the contrary believ'd it would.

I've heard our front that faces Drury Lane
Much criticised; they say 'tis vulgar brick-work,
A mimic manufactory of floor-cloth.
One of the morning papers wish'd that front
Cemented like the front in Brydges-Street;
As it now looks they call it Wyatt's Mermaid,
A handsome woman with a fish's tail.

White is the steeple of St Bride's in Fleet-Street,
The Albion (as its name denotes) is white;
Morgan and Saunders' shop for chairs and tables
Gleams like a snow-ball in the setting sun;
White is Whitehall. But not St Bride's in Fleet-Street,
The spotless Albion, Morgan, no, nor Saunders,
Nor white Whitehall is white as Drury's face.

Oh, Mr Whitbread! fie upon you, sir!
I think you should have built a colonnade;
When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet closer round her throat,

Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks thro' her pale kid slipper. On the morrow
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa
Cries, "There you go! this comes of playhouses!"
To build no portico is penny wise:
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish!

Hail to thee, Drury! Queen of Theatres!
What is the Regency in Tottenham-Street,
The Royal Amphitheatre of Arts,
Astley's Olympic, or the Sans Pareil,
Compared with thee? Yet when I view thee push'd
Back from the narrow street that christen'd thee,
I know not why they call thee Drury Lane.

Amid the freaks that modern fashion sanctions,
It grieves me much to see live animals
Brought on the stage. Grimaldi has his rabbit,
Laurent his cat, and Bradbury his pig;
Fie on such tricks! Johnson, the machinist
Of former Drury, imitated life
Quite to the life. The elephant in Blue Beard,
Stuff'd by his hand, wound round his lithe proboscis,
As spruce as he who roar'd in Padmanaba.

Nought born on earth should die. On hackney stands
I reverence the coachman who cries "Gee,"
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a Butcher with horn-handled knife
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick!

[*Exit hastily.*

DRURY LANE HUSTINGS,

A NEW HALFPENNY BALLAD,

By a PIC NIC POET.

This is the very age of promise: To promise is most courtly and fashionable. Performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

To be sung by Mr JOHNSTONE *in the Character of* LOONEY M'TWOLTER.

1.

MR Jack, your address, says the Prompter to me,
So I gave him my card—no, that a'nt it, says he,
'Tis your public address. Oh! says I, never fear,
If address you are bother'd for, only look here.
[*Puts on hat affectedly.*
Tol de rol lol, &c.

2.

With Drury's for sartain we'll never have done,
We've built up another, and yet there's but one;
The old one was best, yet I'd say, if I durst,
The new one is better—the last is the first.

Tol de rol, &c.

3.

These pillars are called by a Frenchified word,
A something that's jumbled of antique and verd,
The boxes may show us some verdant antiques,
Some old harridans who beplaster their cheeks.

Tol de rol, &c.

4.

Only look how high Tragedy, Comedy, stick,
Lest their rivals, the horses, should give them a kick,
If you will not descend when our authors beseech ye,
You'll stop there for life, for I'm sure they can't reach ye.

Tol de rol, &c.

5.

Each one shilling God within reach of a nod is,
And plain are the charms of each Gallery Goddess.

THEATRICAL ALARM BELL.

By the Editor of the M. P.

Bounce, Jupiter, bounce! O'HARA.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

As it is now the universally-admitted, and indeed-pretty-generally-suspected aim of Mr Whitbread and the infamous, bloodthirsty, and, in fact, illiberal faction to which he belongs, to burn to the ground this free and happy protestant city, and establish himself in St James's Palace, his fellow committee-men have thought it their duty to watch the principles of a theatre built under his auspices. The information they have received from undoubted authority, particularly from an old fruit-woman who has turned king's evidence, and whose

name for obvious reasons we forbear to mention, though we have had it some weeks in our possession, has induced them to introduce various reforms: not such reforms as the vile faction clamour for, meaning thereby revolution, but such reforms as are necessary to preserve the glorious constitution of the only free, happy, and prosperous country now left upon the face of the earth. From the valuable and authentic source above alluded to, we have learnt that a sanguinary plot has been formed by some united Irishmen, combined with a gang of Luddites, and a special committee sent over by the Pope at the instigation of the beastly Corsican fiend, for destroying all the loyal part of the audience on the anniversary of that deeply-to-be-abhorred and highly-to-be-blamed stratagem, the Gunpowder Plot, which falls this year on Thursday, the 5th of November. The whole is under the direction of a delegated committee of O. P.'s, whose treasonable exploits at Covent Garden you all recollect, and all of whom would have been hung from the chandeliers at that time but for the mistaken lenity of government. At a given signal a well-known O. P. was to cry out from the gallery, 'Nosey! Music!' whereupon all the O. P.'s were

to produce from their inside pockets a long pair of shears, edged with felt to prevent their making any noise, manufactured expressly by a wretch at Birmingham, one of Mr Brougham's evidences, and now in custody. With these they were to cut off the heads of all the loyal N. P.'s in the house, without distinction of sex or age. At the signal, similarly given, of 'Throw him over,' which it now appears always alluded to the overthrow of our never-sufficiently-enough-to-be-deeply-and-universally-to-be-venerated constitution, all the heads of the N. P.'s were to be thrown at the fiddlers, to prevent their appearing in evidence, or perhaps as a false and illiberal insinuation that they have no heads of their own. All that we know of the further designs of these incendiaries is, that they are by-a-great-deal-too-much too-horrible-to-be-mentioned.

The Manager has acted with his usual promptitude on this trying occasion. He has contracted for 300 tons of gunpowder, which are at this moment placed in a small barrel under the pit, and a descendant of Guy Faux, assisted by Colonel Congreve, has undertaken to blow up the house, when necessary, in so novel and ingenious a manner, that

every O. P. shall be annihilated, while not a whisker of the N. P.'s shall be singed. This strikingly displays the advantages of loyalty and attachment to government. Several other hints have been taken from the theatrical regulations of the not-a-bit-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-universally-execrated monster Bonaparte. A park of artillery, provided with chain-shot, is to be stationed on the stage, and play upon the audience in case of any indication of misplaced applause or popular discontent, (which accounts for the large space between the curtain and the lamps); and the public will participate our satisfaction in learning that the indecorous custom of standing up with the hat on is to be abolished, as the Bow-Street Officers are provided with daggers, and have orders to stab all such persons to the heart, and send their bodies to Surgeons' Hall;—Gentlemen who cough are only to be slightly wounded. Fruit-women bawling "Bill of the play" are to be forthwith shot, for which purpose soldiers will be stationed in the slips, and ball-cartridge is to be served out with the lemonade. If any of the spectators happen to sneeze or spit they are to be transported for life, and any person who is so tall as to prevent another

seeing, is to be dragged out and sent on board the tender, or, by an instrument taken out of the pocket of Procrustes, to be forthwith cut shorter, either at the head or foot, according as his own convenience may dictate.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, have the Committee, through my medium, set forth the not-in-a-hurry-to-be-paralleled plan they have adopted for preserving order and decorum within the walls of their magnificent edifice. Nor have they, while attentive to their own concerns, by any means overlooked those of the cities of London and Westminster. Finding, on enumeration, that they have with a with-two-hands-and-one-tongue-to-be-applauded liberality, contracted for more gunpowder than they want, they have parted with the surplus to the mattock-carrying and hustings-hammering high bailiff of Westminster, who has, with his own shovel, dug a large hole in the front of the parish church of St Paul, Covent-Garden, that, upon the least symptom of ill-breeding in the mob at the general election, the whole of the market may be blown into the air. This, ladies and gentlemen, may at first make provisions *rise*, but we pledge the credit of our theatre that they will soon *fall* again, and people be supplied as

usual with vegetables in the in-general-strewed-with-cabbage-stalks-but-on-Saturday-night-lighted-up-with-lamps market of Covent-Garden.

I should expatiate more largely on the other advantages of the glorious constitution of these by-the-whole-of-Europe-envied realms, but I am called away to take an account of the ladies, and other artificial flowers, at a fashionable rout, of which a full and particular account will hereafter appear. For the present, my fashionable intelligence is scanty, on account of the opening of Drury Lane; and the ladies and gentlemen who honour me with their attention, will not be surprised if they find nothing under my usual head!!

THE THEATRE.

By the Rev. G. C.

Nil intentatum nostri liquêre poetæ,
Nec minimum meruêre decus, vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta.

HORAT.

A PREFACE OF APOLOGIES.

If the following poem should be fortunate enough to be selected for the opening address, a few words of explanation may be deemed necessary, on my part, to avert invidious misrepresentation. The animadversion I have thought it right to make on the noise created by tuning the orchestra, will, I hope, give no lasting remorse to any of the gentlemen employed in the band. It is to be desired that they would keep their instruments ready tuned, and strike off at once. This would be an accommodation to many well-meaning persons who frequent the theatre, who not

being blest with the ear of St Cecilia, mistake the tuning for the overture, and think the latter concluded before it is begun.

——— " one fiddle will
" Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still—"

was originally written " one hautboy will," but having providentially been informed, when this poem was upon the point of being sent off, that there is but one hautboy in the band, I averted the storm of popular and managerial indignation from the head of its blower; as it now stands, " one fiddle" among many, the faulty individual will, I hope, escape detection. The story of the flying play-bill is calculated to expose a practice much too common, of pinning play-bills to the cushions, insecurely, and frequently, I fear, not pinning them at all. If these lines save one play-bill only from the fate I have recorded, I shall not deem my labour ill employed. The concluding episode of Patrick Jennings, glances at the boorish fashion of wearing the hat in the one shilling gallery. Had Jennings thrust his between his feet at the commencement of the play, he might have leaned forward with impu-

nity, and the catastrophe I relate would not have occurred. The line of handkerchiefs formed to enable him to recover his loss, is purposely so crossed in texture and materials, as to mislead the reader in respect to the real owner of any one of them. For, in the satirical view of life and manners, which I occasionally present, my clerical profession has taught me how extremely improper it would be by any allusion, however slight, to give any uneasiness, however trivial, to any individual, however foolish or wicked.

G. C.

THE THEATRE.

Interior of a Theatre described.—Pit gradually fills.—The check-taker.—Pit full.—The orchestra tuned.—One fiddler rather dilatory.—Is reproved—and repents.—Evolutions of a playbill.—Its final settlement on the spikes.—The gods taken to task—and why.—Motley group of playgoers.—Holywell Street, St Pancras.—Emanuel Jennings binds his son apprentice.—Not in London—and why—Episode of the hat.

'Tis sweet to view from half past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury-Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;

But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches, to late comers, doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing room*.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full," gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still, the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair;
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair;
In unison their various tones to tune
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French-horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hush'd—but no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still;
Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man.

Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.
Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, "Hats off,"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above;
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence" with such leathern lungs?
He, who, in quest of quiet, "silence" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Calls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;

The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice baulk,
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait,
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.

Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ;
In Holywell Street St Pancras he was bred,
(At number twenty-seven, it is said,)
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head:
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down;
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, Take my handkerchief.
Thank you, cries Pat, but one won't make a line;
Take mine, cried Wilson, and cried Stokes, take mine.

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spital-fields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band,
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

To the Managing Committee of the new Drury Lane Theatre.

Gentlemen,

Happening to be wool-gathering at the foot of Mount Parnassus, I was suddenly seized with a violent travestie in the head. The first symptoms I felt were several triple rhymes floating about my brain, accompanied by a singing in my throat, which quickly communicated itself to the ears of every body about me, and made me a burthen to my friends, and a torment to Doctor Apollo, three of whose favourite servants, that is to say, Macbeth, his butcher, Mrs Haller, his cook, and George Barnwell, his book-keeper, I waylaid in one of my fits of insanity, and mauled after a very frightful fashion. In this woeful crisis I accidentally heard of your invaluable New Patent Hissing Pit, which cures every disorder incident to Grub Street. I send you en-

closed a more detailed specimen of my case; if you could mould it into the shape of an address to be said or sung on the first night of your performance, I have no doubt that I should feel the immediate effects of your invaluable New Patent Hissing Pit, of which they tell me one hiss is a dose.

I am, &c.

MOMUS MEDLAR.

CASE No. I.

MACBETH.

Enter Macbeth in a red nightcap. Page following with a torch.

Go, boy, and thy good mistress tell
(She knows that my purpose is cruel,)
I'd thank her to tingle her bell,
As soon as she's heated my gruel.

Go, get thee to bed and repose,
To sit up so late is a scandal;
But ere you have ta'en off your clothes,
Be sure that you put out that candle.
Ri fol de rol tol de rol lol.

My stars, in the air here's a knife!
I'm sure it cannot be a hum;
I'll catch at the handle, add's life,
And then I shall not cut my thumb.
I've got him!—no, at him again,
Come, come, I'm not fond of these jokes:
This must be some blade of the brain:
Those witches are given to hoax.

I've one in my pocket, I know,
My wife left on purpose behind her;
She bought this of Teddy-high-ho,
The poor Caledonian grinder.
I see thee again! o'er thy middle
Large drops of red blood now are spill'd,
Just as much as to say diddle diddle,
Good Duncan, pray come and be kill'd.

It leads to his chamber I swear;
I tremble and quake every joint;
No dog at the scent of a hare
Ever yet made a cleverer point.
Ah, no! 'twas a dagger of straw—
Give me blinkers to save me from starting;
The knife that I thought that I saw,
Was nought but my Eye, Betty Martin.

Now o'er this terrestrial hive
A life paralytic is spread,
For while the one half is alive,
The other is sleepy and dead.
King Duncan in grand majesty
Has got my state bed for a snooze,
I've lent him my slippers, so I
May certainly stand in his shoes.

Blow softly, ye murmuring gales,
Ye feet rouse no echo in walking,
For though a dead man tells no tales,
Dead walls are much given to talking.

This knife shall be in at the death,
I'll stick him, then off safely get.
Cries the world, this could not be Macbeth,
For he'd ne'er stick at any thing yet.

Hark, hark, 'tis the signal by goles,
It sounds like a funeral knell;
O hear it not, Duncan, it tolls
To call thee to heaven or hell.
Or if you to heaven won't fly,
But rather prefer Pluto's æther,
Only wait a few years till I die,
And we'll go to the Devil together.

CASE No. II.

THE STRANGER.

Who has e'er been at Drury must needs know the Stranger,
A wailing old Methodist, gloomy and wan,
A husband suspicious, his wife acted Ranger,
She took to her heels, and left poor Hypocon.
Her martial gallant swore that truth was a libel,
That marriage was thraldom, elopement no sin,
Quoth she, I'll remember the words of my Bible,
My spouse is a Stranger, and I'll take him in.
With my sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar'em,
And pathos and bathos delightful to see;
And chop and change ribs a-la-mode Germanorum,
And high diddle ho diddle, pop tweedle dee.

To keep up her dignity, no longer rich enough,
Where was her plate? why 'twas lain on the shelf.
Her land fuller's earth, and her great riches kitchen stuff,
Dressing the dinner instead of herself.

No longer permitted in diamonds to sparkle,
Now plain Mrs Haller, of servants the dread,
With a heart full of grief and a pan full of charcoal,
She lighted the company up to their bed.

Incensed at her flight, her poor Hubby in dudgeon
Roam'd after his rib in a gig and a pout,
Till, tired with his journey, the peevish curmudgeon
Sat down and blubber'd just like a church spout.
One day on a bench as dejected and sad he laid,
Hearing a squash, he cried, Damn it, what's that?
'Twas a child of the Count's in whose service lived Adelaide,
Soused in the river and squalled like a cat.

Having drawn his young excellence up to the bank, it
Appear'd that himself was all dripping, I swear,
No wonder he soon became dry as a blanket,
Exposed as he was to the Count's *son* and *heir*.
Dear sir, quoth the Count, in reward of your valour,
To shew that my gratitude is not mere talk,
You shall eat a beef steak which my cook, Mrs Haller,
Cut from the rump with her own knife and fork,

Behold, now the Count gave the stranger a dinner,
With gunpowder tea, which you know brings a ball,
And, thin as he was, that he might not grow thinner,
He made of the Stranger no stranger at all;
At dinner fair Adelaide brought up a chicken,
A bird that she never had met with before,
But, seeing him, scream'd, and was carried off kicking,
And he bang'd his nob 'gainst the opposite door.

To finish my tale without roundaboutation,
Young master and missee besieged their papa,
They sung a quartetto in grand blubberation;
The Stranger cried Oh! Mrs Haller cried Ah!
Though pathos and sentiment largely are dealt in,
I have no good moral to give in exchange,
For though she as a cook might be given to melting,
The Stranger's behaviour was certainly strange,
With his sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar'em,
And pathos and bathos delightful to see,
And chop and change ribs a-la-mode Germanorum,
And high diddle ho diddle, pop tweedle dee.

CASE No. III.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

George Barnwell stood at the shop door,
A customer hoping to find, sir;
His apron was hanging before,
But the tail of his coat was behind, sir.
A lady so painted and smart,
Cried, Sir, I've exhausted my stock o'late,
I've got nothing left but a groat,
Could you give me four penn'orth of chocolate.
Rum ti, &c.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,
Which made her look prouder and prouder,
His hair stood on end with surprise,
And her's with pomatum and powder.
The business was soon understood;
The lady, who wish'd to be more rich,
Cries, Sweet sir, my name is Milwood,
And I lodge at the Gunner's, in Shoreditch.
Rum ti, &c.

Now nightly he stole out, good lack,
And into her lodging would pop, sir,
And often forgot to come back,
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.
Her beauty his wits did bereave;
Determin'd to be quite the crack o,
He lounged at the Adam and Eve,
And call'd for his gin and tobacco.
Rum ti, &c.

And now (for the truth must be told)
Though none of a 'prentice should speak ill,
He stole from the till all the gold,
And ate the lump sugar and treacle.
In vain did his master exclaim,
Dear George, don't engage with that Dragon,
She'll lead you to sorrow and shame,
And leave you the devil a rag on
Your Rum ti, &c.

In vain he entreats and implores
The weak and incurable ninny,
So kicks him at last out of doors,
And Georgy soon spends his last guinea.

His uncle, whose generous purse
Had often relieved him, as I know,
Now finding him grow worse and worse,
Refused to come down with the rhino.
Rum ti, &c.

Cried Milwood, whose cruel heart's core
Was so flinty that nothing could shock it,
If ye mean to come here any more,
Pray come with more cash in your pocket.
Make nunky surrender his dibs,
Rub his pate with a pair of lead towels,
Or stick a knife into his ribs,
I'll warrant he'll then show some bowels.
Rum ti, &c.

A pistol he got from his love,
'Twas loaded with powder and bullet,
He trudged off to Camberwell Grove,
But wanted the courage to pull it.
There's nunky as fat as a hog,
While I am as lean as a lizard,
Here's at you, you stingy old dog!
And he whips a long knife in his gizzard.
Rum ti, &c.

All you who attend to my song,
A terrible end of the farce shall see,
If you join the inquisitive throng
That follow'd poor George to the Marshalsea.
If Milwood were here, dash my wigs,
Quoth he, I would pummel and lam her well;
Had I stuck to my pruins and figs,
I ne'er had stuck nunky at Camberwell.
Rum ti, &c.

Their bodies were never cut down,
For granny relates with amazement,
A witch bore 'em over the town,
And hung them on Thorowgood's casement.
The neighbours, I've heard the folks say,
The miracle noisily brag on,
And the shop is to this very day,
The sign of the George and the Dragon.
Rum ti, &c.

PUNCH'S APOTHEOSIS.

By T. H.

Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses. HUDIBRAS.

Scene draws, and discovers PUNCH *on a throne surrounded by* LEAR, *Lady* MACBETH, MACBETH, OTHELLO, GEORGE BARNWELL, HAMLET, GHOST, MACHEATH, JULIET, FRIAR, APOTHECARY, ROMEO, *and* FALSTAFF.—*Punch descends, and addresses them in the following*

RECITATIVE.

As manager of horses Mr Merryman is,
So I with you am master of the ceremonies,—
These grand rejoicings, let me see, how name ye 'em?
Oh, in Greek lingo 'tis E—pi—thalamium.
October's tenth it is, toss up each hat to-day,
And celebrate with shouts our opening Saturday.

On this great night 'tis settled by our manager,
That we, to please great Johnny Bull, should plan a jeer,
Dance a bang-up theatrical cotillon,
And put on tuneful Pegasus a pillion;
That every soul, whether or not a cough he has,
May kick like Harlequin, and sing like Orpheus,
So come, ye pupils of Sir John Gallini,
Spin up a tetotum like Angiollini;
That John and Mrs Bull from Ale and Teahouses,
May shout huzza for Punch's Apotheosis!!

They dance and sing.

AIR,—"*Sure such a day.*" TOM THUMB.

LEAR.

Dance, Regan, dance with Cordelia and Goneril,
Down the middle, up again, poussette, and cross;
Stop, Cordelia, do not tread upon her heel,
Regan feeds on coltsfoot, and kicks like a horse.
See she twists her mutton fists like Molyneux or Beelzebub,
And t'others clack, who pats her back, is louder far than Hell's hubbub.

They tweak my nose, and round it goes, I fear
they'll break the ridge of it,
Or leave it all just like Vauxhall, with only half the
bridge of it.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza! huzza!

LADY MACBETH.

I kill'd the King, my husband is a heavy dunce,
He left the grooms unmassacred, then massacred
the stud,
One loves long gloves for mittens, like King's Evi-
dence,
Let truth with the fingers out and won't hide blood.

MACBETH.

When spooneys on two knees implore the aid of
sorcery,
To suit their wicked purposes they quickly put the
laws awry,
With Adam I in wife may vie, for none could tell
the use of her,
Except to cheapen golden pippins hawk'd about by
Lucifer.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza! huzza!

OTHELLO.

Wife, come to life, forgive what your black lover did,
Spit the feathers from your mouth and munch roast beef;
Iago he may go and be toss'd in the coverlid,
That smother'd you because you pawn'd my handkerchief.

GEO. BARNWELL.

Why, neger, so eager about your rib immaculate?
Milwood shows for hanging us they've got an ugly knack o' late;
If on beauty stead of duty but one peeper bent he sees,
Satan waits with Dolly baits to hook in us apprentices.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza! huzza!

HAMLET.

I'm Hamlet in camlet, my ap and perihelia,
The moon can fix which lunatics makes sharp or flat.
I stuck by ill luck, enamour'd of Ophelia,
Old Polony like a sausage, and exclaim'd "Rat! Rat!"

GHOST.

Let Gertrude sup the poison'd cup, no more I'll be an actor in
Such sorry food, but drink home-brew'd of Whitbread's manufacturing.

MACHEATH.

I'll Polly it, and folly it, and dance it quite the dandy O,
But as for tunes I have but one, and that is Drops of Brandy O.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza! huzza!

JULIET.

I'm Juliet Capulet, who took a dose of hellebore,
A Hell-of-a-bore I found it to put on a pall.

FRIAR.

And I am the friar who so corpulent a belly bore.

APOTHECARY.

And that is why poor skinny I have none at all.

ROMEO.

I'm the resurrection man of buried bodies amorous.

FALSTAFF.

I'm fagg'd to death, and out of breath, and am for quiet clamorous,
For though my paunch is round and staunch, I ne'er begin to fill it ere I
Feel that I've no stomach left for entertainment military.

OMNES.

Round let us bound, for this is Punch's holiday,
Glory to Tomfoolery, huzza! huzza!

[*Exeunt dancing.*

James Ballantyne and Co., Printers, Edinburgh.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, in one vol. Foolscap Octavo,

HORACE IN LONDON:

CONSISTING OF

IMITATIONS

OF THE

TWO FIRST BOOKS OF

THE ODES OF HORACE.

By the Authors of

"REJECTED ADDRESSES,

OR THE

NEW THEATRUM POETARUM."

INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

&c.

Moore, Thomas

INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR, THE

Twopenny Post-Bag.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TRIFLES REPRINTED.

BY

THOMAS BROWN, [illegible],
THE YOUNGER.

Elapsæ manibus cecidêre tabellæ.

OVID.

Twelfth Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. CARR, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1813.

C. Whittingham, Goswell Street, London.

DEDICATION.

TO

ST——N W——LR——E, ESQ.

MY DEAR W——E,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could

have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality*, leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W——E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge

* Ariosto, Canto 35.

of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*, and however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and

attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

245, PICCADILLY,
March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who " fell at odds

about the sweet-bag of a bee*," those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.—In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—TCH—D's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never

* Herrick.

tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals*. As in the battles of ancient times, the

* It is but fair to mention that some of these reprinted jeux-d'esprit (as the Parody on the R—G—T's Letter, the Insurrection of the Papers, the New Costume of the Ministers, and the Sale of the Tools) are *not mine*—but they appeared to be

shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents, that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are, of Muses that

so perfectly *in keeping* with my own, and were so very convenient in filling up my pages, that I trust their Author (whoever he may be) will excuse the liberty I have taken in making use of them.

have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*—so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters, should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

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LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH————E OF W——S
TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y*.

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies hav made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date,)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss;

Lord ELD—N first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish young Lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand
a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
their kicks!

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
"Pretty doings are here, Sir, (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)
"'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
"To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-
shod—
"Excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's
source—
"Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
"But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse!"

Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout Man of Leather,
V—NS—TT—T, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord H—RR—BY, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,

The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

"If the PR—NC—SS *will* keep them, (says Lord
C—STL—R—GH—)
"To make them quite harmless the only true
way,
"Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
"To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
"If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
"This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it
out."
Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
"The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—
"A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
"Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
"Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness
checks,
(Adds his Lordship humanely) or else breaks their
necks!"

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause
From the Statesmen around—and the neck-breaking
clause

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
Even ELD—N himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.
And my Lord C—STL—R—GH, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the QU—N's best repeater.

C———E.

LETTER H.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book *,
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good;

* See the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——E, good Sir, the P——E has read it.
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE's)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——E in Christendom!

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances* and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era;

When England's monarch need but say
" Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH!"
Or—" hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"
And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compil'd and chos'n, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdétt to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—RTWR—GHT.
Else, though the P——E be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging,—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!

And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scar'd the CH—NC—LL—R just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "MUFTI!"

The tailors too have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
(While Y—RM—TH's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
And all things fitting and expedient
To *turkify* our gracious R—G—NT!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
So, send your System.—

Your's, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand*;

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—"A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles."—And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles, &c. &c."—See *Tales of the East*, Vol. III. pp. 607, 608.

Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions—
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six!

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them.

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y————*.

WE miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E————GH,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-Cook,
of course!—
"While you live—(what's there under that cover,
pray, look)—
"While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a
She-Cook.

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M——— of H———.

" 'Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that toast)—
" Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
" For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
" Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment too to his Lordship the J——e
For his Speech to the J—y—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way;
And we car'd not for Juries or Libels—no—damme! nor
Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—but TOM T—RRH—T
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,

And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
TOMMY whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if YOU *try* it!"

And C—MD—N was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's-coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devis'd!—
Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, "a calf's-head surpris'd!"
The *brains* were near ———; and *once* they'd been fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H——T with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—B'R—H chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—

To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H——T gave M——Y, and *I* gave ————.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J——E
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—C has a sly dose of jalup preparing
For poor T—MMY T—RR—T at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—MMY, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin *.

LAST week, dear N—CH—L, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near,
(The time for doing business here)
Says he to me, " Sweet Bully Bottom!
" These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em!
" Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
" With all the dirt ev'n *you* can pick up—

* This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble.

" But, as the P——E—(here's to him—fill—
" Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
" To humbug them with kind professions,
" And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
" *Rogue*"—" *traitor*"—hiccup—and all that—
" You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!—
" You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

Yes—" muzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore*!—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again!—
The silent victim still to sit
Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
To hear ev'n noisy M—TH—W gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!

* In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the " muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again!

Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, SIR JOHN—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should PATRICK * his Port-folio send?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,

* This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse.—As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

torquetur Apollo
Nomine percussus.

Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)
That, mad as Christians us'd to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—CH—L!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration *.—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—†
i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'FINNS, O'FAGANS,
CONNORS, and TOOLES, all downright Pagans!
This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
No—No—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

* * *

* ———— lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat. *Pers.* Sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant refereé Gallæus—"Aserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manasse*."

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C———
TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ———! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment got mine—
The Mail-Coach Edition*—prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND, last night,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!)*

But, my dear Lady ———! can't you hit on
some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the R—G—NT—*that* show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;
Which—consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of
the two—
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get
through,
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I
hope,
That NAPOLEON'S old Mother's to marry the
POPE,—
What a comical pair!)—but, to stick to my Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arriv'd?
No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?

No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of Fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or, whether Lord G—RGE (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——N's or Lord L—V—RP—L's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHITSTOPSCHINZOUDHOFF
Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth off—

So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.
And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
Little GUNTER has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster*?
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH*, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!—

* I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P——E and Mr. L—CK—E in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters. —How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter,
(They're Christians, and they know no better)*
In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our SUNNITES†, hateful dogs!
Whom every pious SHIITE flogs

* "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chretien."

† *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have

Or longs to flog*—'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places†!
'Tis true, they worship ALI's name‡—
Their Heaven and *ours* are just the same—
(A Persian's Heav'n is eas'ly made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade.)

gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

* "Les Sunnites, qui etoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme." *D'Herbelot.*

† "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs, &c. &c."
Forster's Voyage.

‡ "Les Turcs ne detestent pas Ali reciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnoissent, &c. &c." *Chardin.*

Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers *!
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb their chins †
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the Government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day,

* "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination." *Maraiti.*

† For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

(According to a Form that's set)
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
United live and die—
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye*!

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO ———— ————, ESQ*.

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it thro'—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their stead,

* From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix for this and other enclosures.

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D'S can sink
it!

However, Sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your
men.

Since the Chevalier C—RR took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of
hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of ALB—N—A*!

* This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between ALB—N—A, Countess of B—CK—GH—MS—E, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues.)*
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a Scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—TT, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row**)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few Villas, before Sc—TT approaches—
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least WOBURN-ABBEY.

* Paternoster Row.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next
week—
At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Your's, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ———
———, ESQ.

COME to our Fête*, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it;
When B——L's self inquir'd "who made it?"—
When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought thee Poet PYE *at least!*

Oh! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze

* This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips ev'n thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—RRY AL—X—ND—R,
Too precious to be wash'd!)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—G—T's self alone!
Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from ROMEO C—TES, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of Actors*! best of R—G—TS!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!

* Quem tū, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, &c. *Horat.*

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Let them say what they will, that's the Man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

Both gay Lotharios—*both* good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away*.
The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

Illum ——————————
——— non equus impiger
Curru ducet *Achaico*.

* To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—(thus Sc—tt would write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone*!

But, hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——e neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no S———! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so;"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;

* Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is beat.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) *ρεον μωμεισθαι η μιμεισθαι.*

And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate—
While *some* chef-d'oeuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact, will be
The former Fête's *fac-simile**;
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

* "C—rl—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies, &c. &c."
Morning Post.

And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present!—
The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
The same gold Asses*, pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!
The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
Some Sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
The R—G—T) are as good as *Gold!*

So, pr'ythee, come—our Fête will be
But half a Fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

* The salt-cellars on the P——E's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

TRIFLES

REPRINTED.

ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.

TRIFLES.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."

Lord CASTLEREAGH'S *Speech upon Colonel* M'MAHON'S *Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said
"I'll think of Viscount C—STL—R—GH,
"And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.

And then I dream'd—oh frightful dream!
FUSELI has no such theme;
——— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror, half so horrid!

Methought the P——E, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanc'd, oh jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "our sole design is
"To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,

With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if *determin'd* to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay ev'n Death-Warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections"—
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "*et* Tu, *Brute?*"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
"Though Paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P—rc—v—l's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *
* * *

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—rm—th and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,

With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
For, though H—RTF—RD House had long settled
the question,
I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking, when Father went mad;
A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or
patching;
For tools of this kind, like MARTINUS's sconce*,
Would lose all their beauty, if purified once;

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old Sconce.

And think—only think—if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
That R—SE was grown honest, or W—STM—REL—ND wiser—
That R—D—R was, ev'n by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or L—V—RP—L's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me;
And it pleased me to find, at the house, where, you know,
There's such good mutton cutlets, and strong curaçoa*,
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
And my Y—RM—TH's red whiskers grew redder for joy!

You know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I *would*,
By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;

* The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know
did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I,
Are the last that can think the K—NG *ever* will
die!

A new era's arriv'd—though you'd hardly believe
it—
And all things, of course, must be new to receive
it.
New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n WAITHMAN
attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new*
friends?

* * *
* * *

I repeat it "New Friends"—for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P—RC—V—L tribe.

Such capering!—Such vapouring!—Such rigour!—
Such vigour!
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such
a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole world round
our ears,
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.
When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my
chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains!
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain,
Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
Then how WELLINGTON fights! and how squabbles
his brother!
For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a City,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee!
Oh deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.

No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal—except (now I think on't) BEAU BR—MM—L,
Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K—NG into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings,
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now.)
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking,)
I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation
Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter,
(No man, except POLE, could have writ you a better.)
'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,
Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
To let *too* much light in on me never would do;
But even GREY's brightness sha'n't make me afraid,
While I've C—MD—N and ELD—N to fly to for shade;
Nor will HOLLAND's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there's W—STM—REL—ND near him to weaken the charm.
As for MOIRA's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H—RTF—RD and Y—RM—TH will do it!
Between R—D—R and WH—RT—N let SHERIDAN sit,
And the fogs will soon quench even SHERIDAN's wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
Ev'n in WHITBREAD himself we've a Host in G—RGE R—SE!

o, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to GREY,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose,)
By the twopenny post to tell GRENVILLE the news;
And now, dearest FRED, (though I've no predilection,)
Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to P—RC—L going—
Good Lord! how St. Stephens will ring with his crowing!

ANACREONTIC

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——E's Plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——E to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——E's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of PRIOR's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates!
Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird, that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright!
Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
Books, that shun the search of men;
Books, that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together

With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now—alas how much!
Only fit for Y—RM—TH'S touch.

There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G——GE's Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE" and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—NCH—ST—R Square took a canter
just now—
Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky!—*incog.* he was trav'lling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing Princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder—
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
The P——E was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—

" Fine weather" says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
Answer'd " yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord, how GERAMB would triumphantly
scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion* !

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C—STL—R—GH.
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the R—G—T nam'd
" *Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.*"
While gentle H—RTF—D begg'd and pray'd
For " *Young I am and sore afraid.*"

* England is not the only country, where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. " I remember" says Tavernier " to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

EPIGRAM*.

What news, to-day?—" Oh! worse and worse—
" M—c is the PR——E's Privy Purse!"—
The PR——CE's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
You mean the PR——CE's *Ridicule.*

* This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly, to the PR—C—SS of W—ES. I have merely versified it.

KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR A NEW M—N—STRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings,
(At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly,)
But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been plac'd
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste!—
They were monstrous to look at and rotten to touch!

* One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that CRACK was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

And these were the beautiful Gods of KING CRACK!—
Till his People, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—
"You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning "Great Cæsar!
"We are willing to worship; but only entreat
"That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

"I'll try," says KING CRACK—then they furnish'd him models
Of better-shap'd Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—SC—NT C—STL—R—GH?

Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS R—Y—L H—GHN—SS THE D——E OF C—B—L—D.

Said his Highness to NED, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic NEDDY?"—
"Because, Sir," said NED, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, FLORA, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or, (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,
Those, who rule and (some say) fool us—
FLORA, sure, will love to please
England's HOUSEHOLD DEITIES*!

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an Orange lily—

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. v. 138.—Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." Εφιννυωδεις και πολιμους δαιμονας.

Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—FF—RD can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old ELD—N's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool
For the head of L—V—RP—L!—
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—STL—R—GH to crown,
Bring me, from the County DOWN,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green—
(Such as H—DF—T brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's-Day*)

* Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of C————n House every Patrick's-Day.

Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue*—
And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture*, now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough—away, away—
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old R—E—
How the DOCTOR'S brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FETE.

" I want the Court-Guide" said my Lady " to look
" If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20"—
" We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here's *the Red Book*,
" Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour* PLACES in plenty!"

HORACE, ODE xi. LIB. ii.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.*

† COME, Y—RM—TH, my boy, never trouble your brains,
About what your old croney,
The EMPEROR BONEY,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

* This and the following are extracted from a Work, which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the Public —entitled "Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion."

† Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere.

* Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries.
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
† For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that,
‡ And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits;

§ Thy whiskers, too, Y—RM—TH!—alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!)
to GREY.

* Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.

† ——— Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor.

‡ Pellente lascivos amores
Canicie.

§ —— neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vultu.

* Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should
you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an
idiot,
Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in
your hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter,
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the bye,)
† How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old CHARLEY, my friend here, and drink
like a new one;
While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me,
just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don
Juan!

* —— quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?

† Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere————

* To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C—MB—RL—ND'S garden
Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

† What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes
Romantic doth flow?—
‡ Or who will repair
Unto M———— Sq——e
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?

* ———————— rosâ
Canos odorati capillos
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.

† ——— Quis puer ocyus
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula *prætereunte lympha?*

‡ Quis ———————— eliciet domo
Lyden?

Go—bid her haste hither,
* And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
† Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—ACKERMANN'S Dresses for May!

* eburna dic age cum lyra (quasi *liar-a*)
Maturet.

† Incomtum lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.

HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

* THE man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces!

† No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn!

* Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

† Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra:

* Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

† For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

* Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones,) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

† Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum sicar vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scar'd at me even without my wig!

* Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that ROMULUS was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by ROMULUS, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra termi*num" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditis*," (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*,") and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

* Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

* Oh! place me midst O'ROURKES, O'TOOLES,
The ragged royal-blood of TARA;
Or place me where DICK M—RT—N rules
The houseless wilds of CONNEMARA;

† Of Church and State I'll warble still
Though ev'n DICK M—RT—N'S self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like JACK and JILL,
‡ So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like JACK and JILL to tumble!

* Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—RT—N being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

† Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

‡ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of JACK and JILL. JACK, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little Allegory.

JACK fell down,
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

" I never give a kiss, (says Prue)
" To naughty man, for I abhor it."—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it!

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine!*

TO ——————

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo *.

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
 Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
 An angel *ready-made* for Heaven!

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—*See his Life.*

THE

NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

——— NOVA MONSTRA CREAVIT.
Ovid Metamorph. L. i. *v.* 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major CAMAC,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI—
"Let's see" said the R—G—T (like TITUS, perplex'd
With the duties of empire) "whom *shall* I dress
next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair*;

* That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of

Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?
For his Y—RM—TH's own Frenchified hand cut it out;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a Grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his brother
Great C—MB—RL—D's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?

his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—" timore tonsoris" says Lampridius. (Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See Jul. Capitolin.)—Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new Stays,
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be devilish hard work to *un*pack him again!

So, what's to be done?—there's the MINISTERS, bless 'em!—
As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em?
"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—
"Let CUM bring his spy-glass, and H—RTF—D her thimble;
"While Y—RM—TH shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
"The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars."

So saying, he calls C—STL—R—GH, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be drest.

While Y—RM—TH, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition
In long tailors' measures, (the P—E crying "well-done!")
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor ELD—N.

* * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) "HAVING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

"LEGGE AUREA,
S'ei piace, ei lice."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've LAW on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got LAW on their side!

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been done, too;
Then why should it now be decried?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too?
For so argues LAW on our side!

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
As long as we've LAW on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good Sir! go a little more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have LAW on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em
The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness, (and welcome!) might kick down decorum—
You'd always have LAW on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown
hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
You still would have LAW on your side!

But for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have *such* a LAW on their side!

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,

But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
Chang'd his note of a sudden, to *God save the King;*)
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death!

You remember last season, when things went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,)
One Mr. V—NS—TT—T, a good sort of person,
Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—NN—NG;
And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts,
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P—PH—M,
Get up new *diversions*, and C—NN—NG should stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to be had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y—RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find,
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager PAT C—STL—R—GH.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

INSTRUMENTA REGNI.

Tacitus.

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is;
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;
Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?

Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E——NB'R——H'S, none of the best,
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying,
Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the buying;
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,
And they're, some of them, excellent *turning* machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest—
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem!*

Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is
your's, Sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest.
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a
trice—
This implement, Ge'mmen! at first was a *Vice;*
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,)
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd
down,
Might at last cost their owner—how much? why, a
Crown!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close,*

And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. *Page* 16.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—G—N—N's Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that, upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover, (whom she had elevated

to the dignity of Cardinal) soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time, when they were in Athens—when

" by Ilissus' stream
" We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
" The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek!—
" Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
" Dearest of men! that I should e'er be POPE*!
" That I—the humble Joan—whose house-wife art
" Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,
" (And those alas! at sixes and at sevens)
" Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!"

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—" Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quanquam!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

" Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave de-
corum,
" And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
" Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
" That name should ever have been fix'd upon!"

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures, to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

" But oh! more dear, more precious ten times
over—
" Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
" I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah!
" Thou mad'st the Papa* of the World Mamma!"

* This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa or Universal Father.

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis!)
Emancipatus FŒMINÆ
Fert vallum!——

LETTER VII. *Page* 33.

THE Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE BOOK*," of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co.—This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

* There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that day—Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "*à* tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber* in C—r—l—t—n House—Enter the P——E R—G—T solus—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims

Away—Away—
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish BOOK!
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in ELD—N's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—RTF—D's Spouse—
V—NS—TT—T's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—d—r's face!
While, turning here *(laying his hand on his heart)*
I find, ah wretched elf!
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
(Walks the stage in considerable agitation)
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!

* The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fete, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs-de-lys*.

Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words "*Wife neglected*"—"*the Book*"—"*Wrong Measures*"—"*the Queen*"—"*Mr. Lambert*"—"*the* R—G—T."

Ha! treason in my House!—Curst words, that wither
My princely soul, *(shaking the papers violently)*
what Demon brought you hither?
"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look—
(holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras)
Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, BOOK—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the

course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—RD CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, &c. &c.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendor of his office*." The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——E!—
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,

* "To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendor." *(A loud laugh.)*

Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.

" Worship my whiskers!"—*(weeps)* not a knee was there
But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,
That curl'd in conscious majesty! *(pulls out his handkerchief)*—while cries
Of " Whiskers, whiskers" shook the echoing skies!—
Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging to her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—*(wipes his eyes)*—collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose.
(weeps)

Heav'ns, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire,
(With animation) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
But ah! the Evidence—*(weeps again)* I mourn'd to see—
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?—
Throne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past One" and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—G—T (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is

held—all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—G—T for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing) was the only person, who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison.

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day

May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of Spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few lov'd-ones Heaven has plac'd it near,
Nor cease, till all Mankind are in its sphere!—
The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged groupe of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about—They all rise

and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straiten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P——E (and a fig for his railers)
The Shop-board's delight! the Mecænas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat!
Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,
While our R—G—T's finds room in a lac'd button-hole!
Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those who go loose—
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best-fitted P——E about town!
Derry down, &c.

During the " Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honor'd Colonel—my WIFE, who's the QUEEN of
all slatterns,
NEGLECTED to put up THE BOOK of new Patterns.
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too—shamefully
wrong—
They're the same us'd for poor MR. LAMBERT,
when young;
But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the
R—G—T—
So, hope you'll excuse your's, till death, most
obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—G—T resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

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